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6<sup>d</sup>

WEP'S FOOTBALL A LA FRANCE

See page 13

*Wep*



# But for Him !



But for the hard-fighting Australians who, in two world wars, enlisted in thousands the moment their services were needed, this country might not exist today as a free nation with a comfortable standard of living and plans for a great future.

In 1951 we need again the man who is willing to defend Australia. But this time we cannot afford to wait for the possible outbreak of a third world war. We must have a trained and organised force ready to serve at home or abroad to meet a surprise attack by an enemy power.

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Training now may save the lives of your men.

The finest contribution that you as a woman can make to the security of your home, your family and of Australia is to encourage men of military age to train now in the C.M.F.

**PREPAREDNESS FOR WAR IS THE SUREST WAY TO MAINTAIN PEACE**



# ALL ELSE IS FOLLY

By CATHERINE GASKIN

*It's like a new day, a new beginning, thought Susan, as unexpectedly Louis suddenly smiled.*

THE gentle swish of the rain against the window-pane of her hotel room was like a mournful little obbligato, a muted and reedy accompaniment to Susan's thoughts. She pressed against the window, watching the rain drifting in a heavy mist against the trees in the park, fighting to thrust her disquietude to the back of her mind. But it was not until Paul came in that the fierce momentum of her thoughts dropped away. He crossed to her immediately, and kissed her without a word. Then, "Would you like me to get hold of Louis' lawyers?" he said. She nodded in the direction of the phone. "Yes, do. You'll find them in the book. Lawley and Patterson."

His cigarette grew longer while he listened to the steady burr-burr of the telephone ringing. He looked over at her.

"These people obviously work a thirty-hour week. Nothing doing until Monday."

"Monday?" She rose impatiently, fighting down the panic which had been with her since the telephone call last night.

"I can't waste another day," she said. "I'll get in touch with Racey."

He said gently: "Come here, Sue. I want to talk to you."

She didn't move. "What is it?"

He stood up. "About Louis," he said.

"Yes?"

"Are you quite sure, Sue, that you want to go through with this?"

DISSATISFIED with her wartime marriage to LOUIS TAITE, SUSAN TAITE runs away home to America, leaving MIDGE, their daughter, with Louis' people at their family home, Hythebourne. After the war, planning to marry American newspaper proprietor PAUL BERKMAN, she asks Louis to institute divorce proceedings, then comes to London with Paul to ask for custody of Midge.

To her amazement, Louis does not recognise her when they meet by chance at her hotel, but tells her in casual conversation that he lost his memory through a war injury. She decides then that she will contact his brother, RACEY. Later Louis telephones her, ringing off as soon as she answers. She is certain that he has now identified her.

NOW READ PART 2.

The words left a cold little silence between them until she said at last: "Of course I'm sure. Why do you ask?"

Paul stubbed out the cigarette carefully. "Perhaps . . . I'm a bit premature in giving my little speech. Better leave it till you've seen Racey."

When Paul had gone, Susan looked round the room, realising that she hadn't any idea how he would spend the day. His own concerns had swallowed him up. But more significant than that—she had been left quite alone. He had done nothing to keep her with him, nothing to prevent her wandering farther into this maze of uncertainty.

She moved at last across to the phone, and took up the directory. Taite, A. . . Taite, D. . . Taite, G. . . Taite, Horace—and Racey's number. Her finger slid farther down the list until it rested on Louis' number. He still had the flat in Carlton Mews. She wondered had it changed at all. Her own possessions had been in that flat; things chosen and matched at the cost of endless trouble and time.

Suddenly she knew a desperate longing to see it again, to see for herself if Louis had returned after she had gone and plucked out each separate thing that had been hers, if his anger against her caused him to sacrifice her possessions.

The desire to know these things mounted swiftly but, impatient with herself, she cast it aside, picked up the receiver, and gave the operator Racey's number.

After a long time someone answered sleepily. It was a man's voice, but not Racey's.

She said crisply: "Is Mr. Taite there, please?"

"Just a moment," the voice said. It was a pleasant, good-natured voice. "Who's calling?"

She hesitated, looking for the right words. "Tell him it's Susan—Susan Taite."

Racey's voice came almost immediately. He was excited. "Susan?"

"Hello, Racey."

"Witch, I didn't know you were in London. When did you arrive?"

"Last night. Didn't Louis tell you I was coming?"

He laughed softly—Racey's old laugh. "He certainly didn't. He knows better." He hesitated, and the laughter died away. "Sue, have you seen him yet?"

"Well . . . yes, and no." Sue attacked him without warning. "Racey, why didn't you let me know . . . about his memory going?"

He defended himself too swiftly. "What was the use? It didn't make any difference to you in New York. He was dead against it. And you can't blame me for not knowing you were coming over. I can't be expected to guess those things."

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN MILLS

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## SUSAN All Else Is Folly

Continued from page 3

SUSAN was already repenting her quick words. Haste betrayed so much of one's feelings, and Racey had always been skilful at probing. "Look, I'll have to talk to you about this. There's so little I know about Louis—about what happened. When can I see you?"

"Witch, any time you say. What about lunch?"

She wasn't prepared. It was too soon. "No, not then, Racey. A bit later. Tea?"

"Susan, don't be stingy. I'm not the type for tea."

She said firmly: "It's got to be tea, Racey. I want to come along and see you. We've got to talk, remember."

His voice sounded fretful. "All right, but . . ."

She cut across him. "I suppose the address in the phone book is right? I'll come along about four. See you then."

Susan was unprepared for the sight of Racey when he opened the door of his flat to her. Even without his uniform he was exactly as she had remembered him, more like her memory of Louis than even Louis himself was. She felt herself being taken in his arms. He kissed her hard on the mouth.

"Witch, you're more beautiful than ever. Let me look at you properly." He held her off a little.

Susan wanted to brush him aside gently as one might an over-demonstrative dog, but instead she smiled at him. "You haven't changed, Racey—not at all."

"No, I don't change, except for the worse." He laughed again, plainly not believing his own statement. His good humor was obvious. It was easy to please Racey, easy to anger him also.

He led her forward into the living-room where a tea-tray was already laid on a low table. Susan sat down on the lounge. Racey took an arm-chair opposite, and lit a cigarette for her. "Well, Witch, tell me all about it. Have you come straight from New York?"

She drew on her cigarette. "Things had better come in their right order. In the first place, I've been in Paris—on business. And with my boss, Paul Berkman."

He laughed, unkindly. "What are you, Sue? A kind of super private secretary?" He laughed again as he saw her annoyance mount. She was more attractive when she grew angry.

She said quietly: "Shut up, Racey! I haven't got time to play around. Paul Berkman owns a newspaper syndicate. I work on one of his magazines and I've been covering the autumn fashion shows in Paris for it." She paused, then added: "Paul and I are going to be married."

He didn't say anything at first. Then he got to his feet with his back to the mantelpiece. At last he said: "That, of course, is why you're in London. The divorce."

"Yes. We've got to get things settled. There's Midge, too."

He said thoughtfully: "I'm glad you've remembered Midge."

Susan sprang to her feet and came close to him. "I don't have to be reminded of Midge."

"Quiet, Witch," he said casually. "I'm not blaming you

for clearing out. It's a pity, though, that you did it in such a hurry. Midge is a nice little kid—but odd, definitely odd."

Her anger receded a trifle. "That's hardly my fault. Even if I'd stayed I couldn't have made much difference. As it was I had so little to do with bringing her up . . ."

"Yes, Sue, I know all that, but still . . . Well, you'll probably see Midge for yourself. My mother's dead, you know. Midge has been living at Hythebourne with father and old Sydney these past four years." He began to chuckle softly. "She's a rum little kid."

Susan walked away from him and sat down. She wished she didn't feel so frightened and so unequal to going through with this struggle.

She said slowly: "Racey, I want you to tell me exactly what happened to Louis. Everything."

He stopped smiling. "It was one of those things you've got to expect to happen in war. You've probably read it a dozen times. It wasn't long after you'd gone back to New York. Louis was on a bomber escort mission, and he was shot down over France. We heard he was missing, and then, much later, presumed dead."

NOW Susan sat very still, listening to the words, seeking in them more than their limited meaning.

Racey went on slowly, "Louis came back eventually. He'd had a head wound, and the Underground people had found him and looked after him. They kept him at a farmhouse until he could travel, then they gave him papers, and the farmer's son, a kid of fourteen, went with him right down to Spain. He was very ill, Susan, and the kid was like an angel."

"Why," she asked, "didn't you let me know? He was presumed dead, you say?"

"We weren't sure, Sue. It was a tricky business. And then . . . there was Mother."

"You mean she wouldn't let anyone tell me? What right had she . . . how did she dare . . ."

"She was an old woman, Sue, and ill. You can't blame her over-much."

"Why? Because she thought I didn't care?"

He said smoothly and justly: "How were we to decide except by your own

actions. After all, you had

She cut across him shortly. "Yes, I know. I had left him."

She broke off. After a moment, she asked: "What was he like when he came back?"

"Pretty bad, Sue. He was sent straight to hospital, and kept there. Goodness knows how he managed to make the trip home. It was pretty grim. He didn't know me when he saw me first. I didn't let the old people see him until I'd coached him a bit. He knew enough then to be able to talk to them sensibly."

"And me? What did you tell him about me?"

He said dryly: "Everything I could think of."

"Yes, of course. What else?"

"He began to remember things gradually. Bits here and there . . . school and flying and so on. When he left hospital he knew enough to keep the people round Hythebourne from being too much aware of what had happened. I suppose the pieces have been falling into place ever since."

"How much do you think he remembers by this time?"

"Almost everything, I think. He stopped asking me questions long ago, but I know he still has one or two bad moments when a complete stranger rushes up and claims him as a school-friend, or a member of his squadron."

"Does he ever talk about it now?"

"No, never. He's sensitive about it. Likes you to think it never happened."

She sat quietly and thought for a few minutes. Yesterday evening, Louis had told her of the accident so easily, casually.

"Racey," she asked slowly, "would you say that Louis knew what I looked like?"

He shrugged. "I don't know. He used to ask me about you—what you looked like. He didn't have a photo, you know. But he hasn't asked me anything for a long time now."

She said then: "What did he feel about my going? Did he hate me for it?"

"How can you hate what you don't know?"

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### RIVETS



THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—May 26, 1951



# A walk to Keswick · By Dudley Hoys

**Blayne had no time for sentiment. He never dreamed that he would share his last crust with a dog.**

**M**OST of us in Iredale knew that Joe Blayne was setting off for Keswick that November morning. For more than twenty years he had been going to the annual sale there buying a few rams and staying a few days.

He always walked both ways, and never booked a room in advance, reckoning to put up with one of his many farmer-friends in the district. This habit of his seemed harmless enough until disaster crashed down on him out of the blue. Then he realised the danger of it too late.

The fact is, the dalefolk know the fells so well, we never give a thought to the possibility of them coming to grief. Accidents happen only to visitors, fell-walkers and rock-climbers.

The morning Joe Blayne was preparing to set off had a damp, muggy warmth about it, without a breath of wind, and the cloud was low. It had smeared itself in a ragged fringe along the fell-breast opposite Hollowstones, and he glanced across with slight disapproval in his light blue eyes.

Joe was a quiet type, thin, straight-featured and about forty-five. Being a bachelor, he fought shy of packing. All he had was a packet of sandwiches, shaving gear and a spare pair of socks. He rammed them in his pocket.

Tom Wilson, his hired man, came from milking.

"You're off, then? Be back Sunday, likely."

"Ay," said Joe.

Tom filled his pipe. "I'm hoping there'll be nay bad news waiting for you."

Blayne cocked an inquisitive head. Tom said: "George Dixon told me he'd had three ewes worried. He reckons there's a killer about."

This was serious news. A dog that turns killer on the fells can do desperate damage before it is caught and shot.

Blayne said slowly: "Reckon it might be. Ay. But Dixon's overfond of getting scarce. Maybe ewes were ailing—mebbe foxes found 'em and finished 'em off."

Tom nodded. "Maybe. Anyways he told me he'd set a trap near one of the dead ewes. Going up to look at it this morning, he was."

"Likely foxes," said Blayne, and swung his oilskin over his shoulder.

A small, elderly woman with a kind face and a worried expression was walking past up the dale road. Her hat and her costume stamped her unmistakably as a visitor.

Blayne said: "Who's yon? I've seen her before, with a dog."

"Yon's a sister of Miss Sharpe, staying down at Fold End." Tom's eyes widened a little. "'Tis a big dog I've seen about with her."

"Ay, an Alsatian," said Joe Blayne.

Tom said quietly: "Do you think it might be the killer? Them townsfolk is feckless with their dogs among the sheep."

Blayne's voice was dubious. "Mebbe. Likely not, Miss Sharpe would warn her to be careful."

"There's nay dog with her this morning," pointed out Tom, warming to his theory. "Mebbe she lets it out on its own. A beast like that could do wicked damage."

Blayne cut him short with a laugh, and set off up the dale a hundred yards or so behind Miss Sharpe's sister.

It was not for him to know that nothing could have been more unwelcome to her than the sound of his steel-shod feet. She wanted to be alone, completely alone among the greyness of this upper dale. Misery and dread had her by the throat.

Prince, her beloved Alsatian, had been missing since eleven o'clock yesterday morning. She had called and searched and hoped and prayed, and gone out again in the afternoon, and hunted around until she was nearly lost in the dusk.

Then she had spent an agonised night, her ears straining for what never happened, the scratching of his paws at the cottage door.

This morning, something akin to terror gnawed at her, because a passing neighbor had dropped a gossipy

But it would be fatal if she let the dale know that Prince was missing. These people were merciless where sheep-worrying was concerned.

Aching to get out of human carshot and then cry out Prince's name, she diverged from the road along a track leading below the lower fell-breasts. Her mouth trembled with anxiety. Dread and beseeching prayer were in her eyes.

Still slightly curious, Blayne watched her go. Then, with the slow, stolid stride of his kind, he reached the base of the gully that brings the infant river down from Esk Hause. He ascended the first long rise, a sort of steep bank, squelchy in places, and from there took to the boulder-strewn stream-bed.

He was thinking that this year he



remark to her sister about Dixon's worried sheep.

She could not, she would not believe it of Prince. He was a dear, gentle, playful creature. He wouldn't even hurt a mouse.

But at the back of her mind lurked the hideous possibility, and on account of that she dared not report that the dog was missing and ask for help in searching.

Suppose Prince did happen to be playing with a sheep, and a farmer came upon him, and raised his gun, and—

The thought turned her sick. With the loneliness and starved affection of her kind, she had centred her life in Prince. She would willingly pay for a hundred dead sheep, if only she could get him back safe and sound.

might buy half-a-dozen rams at Keswick.

Joe came to the final stretch of the scramble, where a wraith of a track rises up from the stream-bed. Without warning a bit of rock slid from under his right foot.

He grabbed at nothing, dropped six feet in a sliding rush, and hit a boulder. As he fell over sideways there was a noise like a snapping of a dry stick. Through his right leg, levered between the boulder and the weight of his body, flared red-hot pain.

He lay there sweating, gritting his teeth, trying to fight down the torture of it. Despite the dominance of pain, his mind had already registered two certainties.

He had broken his leg. And no-

body might come this way for weeks, months.

Joe attempted to move the leg an inch or two, to find some relief. The pain became greater, not less. He lay utterly still. The throbbing was feverish, and yet not quite so savage.

He told himself he had got to face the fact that for days he would not be missed. His friends would merely tell each other that for once Joe had missed the sale.

Nobody would start to worry about him until next Monday or Tuesday, when Tom would begin to wonder why he wasn't back.

Say six days here, like this, without food. A man could survive. He had those sandwiches. He would nibble a small bit each day. Ay, a

Twisting around Joe saw the animal moving towards him. It looked very much like a wolf.

man could survive a week or more, despite this pain. That is, unless the weather changed.

With his head resting against the hardness of rock, he drifted for a while through time, and forgot everything. His awakening to the cloudy world was slow and dim. He became aware of the eternal water noises, and the blaring of a sheep high on Esk Pike.

Twisting around he saw an animal—the shape of a wolf moving towards him among the boulders.

ILLUSTRATED BY TOMPSON

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Because it has separate bust and seat measurements, Prestige Lingerie is made as if for you alone, and therefore achieves that really perfect fit. Illustrated is the Prestige Summer Silk 233 series, which is available in colours Sunglow and Ivory and is trimmed with delightful all-over needle-run lace . . . several styles of plain Summer Silk pantees are available for those who prefer a firm leg band.

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# A girl called Ellen

By GABRIEL DUNDAS

CLOSING the door of her divan-sitting-room behind her, Ellen walked straight up to her reflection in the long mirror by the window.

Critically she studied it—dark suit, froth of ice-blue blouse, smoky hair under a small hat, complexion as matt as when she had gone out six hours before.

"Yes," Ellen said aloud, "you did all right, I think. Now put the kettle on and have some tea."

Michael Binning was in the kitchen which she shared with two neighbors. He was wearing, as usual, ex-Navy trousers and an off-white pullover, and jabbing at six sausages in a frying-pan.

"Hello!" he greeted. "You look elegant."

"I've been to a wedding," Ellen explained, holding the kettle under the tap.

"Oh! What fun . . . or was it?" asked Michael, giving her a thoughtful glance.

"Of course. I had a marvellous time," Ellen told him firmly.

She went to change out of the dark suit. It had cost the best part of two weeks' salary, and merited cherishing, but she had been to Arthur's wedding, according to plan, looking successful and radiant.

Nobody was likely to go home and say, "That was the girl Arthur took around for such a long time—poor thing!" And next time—Ellen would look before she fell.

Michael Binning's sausages were spluttering merrily now, while the owner sat on the kitchen table swinging his long legs and reading a chemistry text-book.

Michael had been around for a month or two now, but Ellen had scarcely seen him.

She had heard all about him, though, from the housekeeper when she went to pay her rent last Saturday: Michael was a wolf with a regular flock of young ladies. And it was all through being away so long in the Navy very likely; it just demoralised the nicest young men and gave them the wrong ideas.

A deceptively young, ingenuous-looking wolf, Michael, thought Ellen; somehow red hair and freckles didn't go with the part.

But she herself had seen the frequent and varying feminine handwriting on his mail on the hall table, and answered on the community telephone assured soprano voices, languorous contralto voices, and naive seventeen-year-old voices asking for Mr. Michael Binning.

Yes, Michael was a wolf. You couldn't go by looks alone—look at Arthur.

Ellen sighed, and poured water into her teapot.

"Funny things, weddings," remarked Michael unexpectedly. "Make you think."

"Oh—do they?"  
"Mmm. All my friends have been marrying lately. I suppose we all come to it, sooner or later, but it's a bit of a—"

Michael broke off, apparently for further reflection. "I always think the great thing is to know plenty of people," he concluded pensively.

Ellen bit on a smile. But there might, she allowed, be something in Mr. Binning's philosophy. She had seen too much of one person—and look where it had got her.

"A sister," pursued Michael, "would be a help, I always think.

Women understand women. . . . Have you a brother?"

Ellen turned suspicious grey eyes on him. She said, "Is that a line?"

"A line?" echoed Michael. Ellen felt herself blushing. It was, of course, quite the wrong thing to have said—running away before a man had started chasing you.

"I was just thinking," Michael explained, "that if I had somebody like you—you know, sort of experienced and detached—when Cynthia comes in to-night . . ."

"I see. And what would Cynthia think?"

Ellen had recovered her poise. Experienced and detached—and he really sounded as if he thought her so!

"Oh, Cynthia won't mind. She'll bring some bloke along, anyhow, I expect. I wish you would come—won't you?" Michael coaxed. "We're going to dress up and dance."

Cynthia brought Dicky, an amiable six-footer, and they all went to a restaurant where music pulsed quietly in the background.

Michael and Cynthia talked, so Dicky asked Ellen to dance. It was rather nice, Dicky steering her round in the dim light.

They made an appointment to see a picture together later in the week. Meeting lots of people, that was the thing.

"Well," asked Michael, when they reached home afterwards. He took hold of her hand, and Ellen experienced a pleasant, elder-sisterly glow.

"Cynthia is lovely," she said sincerely, "and sweet, too, I should think."

"But extravagant?" suggested Michael.

"We-ell," Ellen hesitated, recalling Cynthia's sparkling bracelet, her fur cape, "she's accustomed to lovely things, of course. But if she loves you—if you love her—"

"Not all that much," decided Michael cheerfully. "No, Cynthia and my salary just don't go. My wife will have to be a good manager. Now there's Joan—she's in my year at the University. I'd like you to meet Joan."

Ellen started to say that she was busy, but when Michael protested, "You can't be—not every evening this week?" she couldn't stay firm about it.

It's difficult to pretend that you are out painting the town red to someone who is liable to find you in the community kitchen making a lonely cup of tea.

Joan was efficient all right.

Through her conversation with Stephen, who was making up the foursome, Ellen was conscious of Joan straightening out Michael's chemistry notes, telling him which laundry would make a much better job of his collars, and how you could use a spoonful less coffee if you roasted it first.

Finally, Joan turned her attention politely to Ellen.

"Michael tells me you're with Allied Chemicals Ltd.," she said. "I suppose you type or something—do you ever go into the labs?"

"Ellen," Michael put in gently, "is one of the backroom girls. She's forgotten more about tri-what-you-were-talking-about compounds than

you and I are ever likely to find out."

"Oh!" said Joan rather blankly. "You don't think Joan . . .?" began Michael tentatively in the kitchen next morning. He appeared worried.

Emphatically Ellen didn't think Joan, but one had to be open-minded. "She seems awfully capable," she said judiciously.

"Isn't she?" said Michael with feeling. "I couldn't bear it."

Ellen began to laugh. Stephen took her out twice the following week and was flatteringly attentive in a nice, shy way. Nothing of the wolf about Stephen.

He wasn't as amusing as Dicky, thought Ellen, watching him across the restaurant table, but dependable; if you let yourself fall in love with Stephen you would be safe.

"Michael?" she said, returning from her musings with a jerk to answer a question from Stephen. "Oh, he has an old friend called Alice coming to dinner. I'm to go in and meet her when I get back."

Alice wasn't like either Cynthia or Joan. She was little, with rosy cheeks and curly brown hair, and she sat in Michael's armchair holding a cup of tea and looking somehow very much at home.

"Alice," Michael told Ellen as he brought her cup of tea, "was the one who knitted me this pullover. It's been grand, Alice. Needs washing now—that's the only thing about white."

"Never," said Alice reminiscently, "have I known anyone with such long arms. I knitted and knitted—"

"Good practice for you, my love."

MICHAEL was leaning on the mantelpiece smiling down on the curly brown head, and his eyes weren't mocking or flirtatious as they had been for Joan and Cynthia. They were affectionate and gentle and—rather nice.

Alice was a friendly person; she gave Ellen's hand a little squeeze when she was going.

"I'm glad I met you," she said. "Perhaps we'll meet again."

It would be difficult for anyone not to like Alice . . . Ellen was shocked to find how near she was to hating her.

"See you later, Ellen?" asked Michael as he was taking Alice home.

"No, I'm going straight to bed—I think I'm starting a cold," Ellen said hastily.

In the morning the cold was an accomplished fact—a real streaming one, with a hot emery-paper throat.

Ellen phoned her boss and went back to bed with a little stock of tablets she had left from the last time.

The day wore on. She heard a series of bangs and crashes which meant that Michael had slept late and was making a hasty exit to morning classes, then the whine of the vacuum cleaner as the housekeeper got busy on the stairs and landings.

Lunchtime came and went; she decided listlessly that she didn't want to eat. Her head ached a bit and she must certainly have a temperature. Why couldn't she think of anything but Alice, snuggled in the corner of Michael's big chair, and

*"A cup of tea is what I need," was Ellen's first thought after Arthur's wedding.*

why should that make her feel as if the bottom had suddenly dropped out of her world?

It must be the tablets, Ellen decided; some of those things are awfully depressing.

It began to rain, and somebody along the street started up a pneumatic drill; Ellen turned her face to the pillow and sobbed with un-Elleish abandon.

The drill was making such a noise that she never heard Michael knocking—didn't know that he was in the room until she felt his hand on her shoulder.

"Ellen! Ellen, darling, whatever is the matter?"

"Nothing," gulped Ellen wildly, pulling the sheets protectively about her head. "I've got a cold and that drill's driving me crazy, that's all."

Michael went across and shut the window, so that the noise of the drill was mercifully muted, then he came back and sat on the edge of the divan.

"I say, you have got a packet," he said worriedly. "Shouldn't you have a doctor?"

Ellen was shaking her head and completing mopping-up operations with the handkerchief he had put in her hand.

How oddly comforting it was to have Michael sitting there, the sun that had just struggled out again making a halo of his red hair.

"Darling," he had called her, but, of course, it didn't mean a thing.

Fool, fool, fool, Ellen told herself, you've done it again—fallen for a regular wolf, and what's more, a wolf who is going to be tamed by a nice girl called Alice.

"I don't want anything," she said with creditable steadiness, "and you'd better go away before you catch my cold. Did Alice get her train all right? She had a long journey, didn't she?"

"Eleven hours—but her husband was meeting her at the other end," Michael said absently.

Her husband. Her husband.



"I see. And who," asked Ellen in a bright and slightly unnatural voice, "is to be next week's girl?"  
Michael didn't smile.  
He said, "You, please, Ellen. Next week and every week. Will you, darling?"  
Well, wolves don't have red hair and freckles and propose to a girl with a bad cold, do they?  
Ellen didn't think so.  
I realise just how little Arthur really meant to me, she thought, lightheaded and far away, when Michael kisses me like this . . .

ILLUSTRATED BY WYNNE W. DAVIES

(Copyright)



# Call off the Wedding

A complete short story  
By **EDWARD S. FOX**

ILLUSTRATED BY  
BOOTHROYD

**H**E was a tall, broad-shouldered young man with dark, uncombed hair, and eyes that were pleasant and blue . . . and wide-awake now as he listened to Lilly's cool voice from three thousand miles away:

"I've just come from a party at Panther Studios and had to call you before going to bed, darling. They've asked me to do another short for them. That means I won't be able to leave Hollywood for at least thirty days."

"Ouch," Bill murmured.

"We can be married six weeks from now as easily as one," Lilly said.

Bill's gaze was drawn to the picture of Lilly beside the telephone stand. Lilly of the blond hair and gorgeous figure, and the pouting, kissable lips. Beautiful, glamorous, fast-stepping Lilly. His Lilly for five whirlwind months.

"Don't be angry," Lilly said.

"I'm not," Bill groaned. "I just wish you'd told the studio you had more pressing business here in New York."

He suddenly remembered the wedding arrangements.

"They'll have to be postponed," Lilly said.

And there were the invitations. She'd asked half of New York.

"I'll give a statement to the papers changing the date."

There was a two-dollar pause, then she asked: "What've you done about the apartment? Have you cleaned out the mess?"

"Mess?"

"You know what I mean," Lilly said impatiently.

"I've started to," Bill hedged.

"You said by the time I got back you'd have everything out and it would be ready for the decorators."

Bill didn't answer.

"Don't put it off too long, my pet," and, before he had a chance to reply, "Good-bye, darling."

Bill looked at the receiver, then slowly put it back on the stand. He scowled at it. Maybe it was their conversation or maybe it was the early-morning hour, but there for an instant he'd had an unreasonable urge to tell Lilly to go sing a high C for herself.

But when his gaze returned to the picture of Lilly, the feeling of irritation melted. It vanished altogether, like an evil thing, and he sighed.

That was what Lilly did to him. That was what Lilly had been doing to him ever since he'd laid eyes on her in the studio when, during a single hour's broadcast, he'd first come under her spell.

Bill got up and walked into the sitting-room for a cigarette. Their engagement had caused a small furor amongst their friends. They couldn't believe it; he and Lilly were such opposites.

Bill was halfway across the sitting-room when he stopped, his thoughts of Lilly sidetracked momentarily as he became aware of the unnatural stillness in the apartment. He stood for a moment, puzzled, then stepped quickly to the window that opened south toward the Empire State Building.

He bent and peered into the glass terrarium on the sill. He poked under a leaf and hunted along the window sill

and on the floor under the radiator. He stood up finally, anxiously, and, leaning out of the window, peered down at the terrace apartment one floor below.

The porter had told him last night that a new tenant had just moved in, and Bill was surprised to hear her now.

She was standing by the parapet, gazing out at the city. Her back was to him, and all he could see of her was a pair of brown slippers, yellow pyjama legs, a knee-length house-coat, and quite a lot of wavy hair. It was enough, though.

When he coughed, she turned and he saw that she was pretty. Her glance lifted to his window.

"Have you seen Albert?" he inquired politely.

She looked about her uncertainly.

"Albert, or it could be Alberta," Bill explained, "is a cricket."

Her voice was relieved. It was also soft and warm, and did funny things to Bill. "I'm afraid I haven't."

"Poor Albert must have fallen out?" He left it a question.

The girl came forward hesitantly. She bent over and her gaze scanned the concrete floor of the terrace.

"Albert," Bill informed the back of her head, "has always led a very sheltered life."

"It must be quite a problem these days to tell how much freedom one should give their crickets," the girl replied without looking up.

Bill chuckled. "I could come down and help you look for him."

"That's all right," she said. "I'm an old hand at hunting crickets. Besides, it won't be necessary now," she added, and, sinking to her knees, made a grab at something on the cement.

She wriggled forward and made another grab, then rose to her feet and held up her cupped hands triumphantly. "Albert. Or a reasonable facsimile thereof."

Her eyes measured the distance to his window. "I guess you'll have to come down, after all, if you want to collect your livestock."

Bill withdrew from the window, then put his head out again. "Don't be afraid," he encouraged her. "Albert doesn't bite."

*Nancy opened the door to discover Bill with another potted shrub. "I hope you're not finding this monotonous," he said.*







Six minutes later, in flannels and a blue sports shirt, he pressed the bell to 14C. The door opened almost immediately and Miss Tenant stood before him.

She had brushed her hair and touched color to her lips; and they were very nice lips, and she had very nice eyes, large and friendly.

She led the way into the living-room and aggrievedly pointed to a water glass on a centre table. "I gave your friend a piece of lettuce, but he turned his nose up at it."

"Albert is a field cricket," Bill explained, "and a meat-eater. He's quite a singer, too. That's how I missed him. He wasn't singing."

"Tell me more," the girl said.

"Interesting facts on crickets," Bill announced: "Count the number of chirps one makes in fourteen seconds, add the number forty, and you will have the correct temperature, Fahrenheit."

The girl smiled, and it did funny things to the room; made it warm and sunny and cheerful. "You must be an entomologist."

"I'm in advertising," Bill grinned back. "Bill Miller's the name."

"I'm Nancy Porter, and I'm in radio," the girl said. "I've heard of you."

"And I've heard of you," Bill was pleased. "You write and direct John's First Wife for television."

Nancy Porter wrinkled up her nose. "John's First Wife!" She walked to the terrace door and looked up at his penthouse. "Have I been seeing things," she asked, "or do you have a cornfield up there?"

"Two nine-foot rows," Bill admitted.

"And tomato plants?"

He nodded, and counted off slowly on his fingers. "And spinach, two rows. Carrots, one. Beets, a half; mint, a half."

"In addition to being an executive for Rinse-Well Soap, you're an entomologist and, I find now, a horticulturist."

"Just a farmer," Bill amended, "from New Hampshire."

Nancy brightened. "I'm a farmer, too, but from Wisconsin."

There was fresh interest in the way they looked at each other.

"Whatever brought you to New York?" Bill asked.

"A course in radio writing and first prize in a contest. Three years ago."

"I've been here five and still I haven't been able to comb the straws out of my hair." An idea hit Bill. "How about coming up now and looking at my garden? I'll guarantee to take you back to old Wisconsin."

"After knowing you only eleven or twelve minutes?" Nancy shook her head. But at his look of disappointment, she relented. "I'd really like to see your garden, but let's make it a more respectable hour—say, at ten o'clock?"

Bill bore his errant cricket upstairs and, placing him carefully in the terrarium, put a piece of cardboard with holes punched in it across the top. He remembered then he hadn't had breakfast and set about fixing it. He ate two eggs from a coffee cup and thought what a small world New York was.

Out of nearly eight million people, his very next-door neighbor was from the same home town. Figuratively speaking, of course. All country towns were the same. All people in them had the same way of living, the same interests, the same beliefs.

He and Nancy were still farmers at heart. It was a tie. It could even be the basis for a strong bond of friendship. Emphasis on the word "friendship," however. He was a one-girl man and Lilly was his girl.

At ten-five Bill opened the door to Nancy Porter's ring and for an instant simply stared. He couldn't help himself. Nancy didn't dazzle, but she had changed into a yellow dress and she looked radiant.

Recovering his breath and his manners, Bill began the grand tour of inspection. One by one, he showed her the plants and shrubbery in the living-room, and the terrarium where Albert lived. He ushered her out on to his terrace. "Welcome to Penthouse Farms."

A neatly trimmed hedge split the terrace down the middle. On one side was the vegetable garden, on the other the lawn, replete with wicker table and chairs and a hammock.

"I'd think I was fifty miles out in the country," Nancy sighed enviously. "You're lucky to have all this."

"I won't have it much longer," Bill said quietly.

She looked at him in surprise.

"The girl I'm engaged to doesn't like crickets or plants or gardens," he explained briefly.

"Oh!" Nancy's eyes grew thoughtful.

"She's a city girl. Born and raised in the city."

"It's none of my affair," Nancy said, "but can't you keep some of the plants? Or a few shrubs?"

"They give Lilly hay fever," Bill said.

They fell silent. When it continued and became uncomfortable, Nancy rose to her feet. "I really must be going," she apologised. "Thanks for the trip to the country. It's been loads of fun."

She gave a last lingering look around the terrace before going inside. She paused a moment in front of the living-room mantelpiece, glancing at a silver-framed picture of Lilly.

"Isn't that Lilly Norman?" She turned to him in surprise. "Is she your fiancée?"

Bill nodded.

*Please turn to page 10*



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NAPRO HAIR VITALIZER FOR MEN



## Call Off The Wedding

NANCY sighed. "I've heard her sing," she said. "She has a nice voice." Bill didn't answer. "And she's very beautiful." "Thank you," he said. "I hope you'll be happy together."

"We will be," Bill said. "Lilly and I are very much in love with each other." He added with enthusiasm, "She's a lovely girl."

Nancy murmured, "I'm sure she is," but the thoughtful, puzzled expression was still in her eyes when she left.

Bill walked back to the terrace slowly. He dropped into the hammock, then got up and prowled around his garden. There was always plenty to do on Sunday mornings—the lawn needed cutting—but he walked around aimlessly.

He felt a strange urge to call Lilly, to try to persuade her to cancel the short she was doing. She could fly back then, and they could be married right away.

He went inside, and from the south window looked down at Nancy's apartment. He waited a few minutes. When she didn't come out, he turned away restlessly. What did she have to come out to? An ugly city view. No greenery. Not even a reminder of the country. It was a shame, really. It was unneighborly.

When the door to 14-C opened, Bill peered at Nancy around the huge potted shrub in his arms. "Good morning again," he said. "Only this time I come bearing gifts. A sort of medal for finding Albert."

Nancy laughed, and it was sheer melody. He bore his gift through the living-room to the terrace and set it against the parapet. "It's lovely," she said. "Thank you."

Bill lingered a moment or two. When Nancy said she still wasn't settled in her new home, he carried some suitcases into the bedroom for her.

A man around the house was pretty handy sometimes. Nancy sighed; and Bill found a hammer and pried the lid off a barrel of china. She was grateful. He said to forget it; that was what neighbors were for.

It took the rest of the morning at home to do his own chores, and the gardening ran well into the middle of the afternoon. Then he took a shower and put on his best flannels and a new shirt that Lilly had given him for his birthday.

When Bill thought of Lilly, all at once there was this guilty feeling pointing its finger at him and chiding him. Maybe because he'd been brought up on a farm, of good-living people, he was a little old-fashioned in his thinking.

Continued from page 9

but being engaged, to him, was a sacred thing, like being married.

Yet, when he thought about it a little more, Bill wondered whether he wasn't taking the whole thing too seriously.

His finger pressed the buzzer of 14-C. When the door opened, he peered at Nancy around the huge bush in his arms.

"I hope you're not finding this too monotonous," he said, "but I've been thinking all afternoon that your rescue of Albert really deserves two medals."

She was a little taken aback but she held open the door. He placed the bush beside the other one and returned to the living room.

Nancy was eyeing him suspiciously. "I am greatly honored," she said, "but I don't quite get it."

Bill spread out his hands. "You looked a little bare down here, and, since we're such good friends, I thought

"Or could it be the easiest way of getting rid of some of your farm?" she interrupted him.

BILL looked thoughtfully at Nancy. "I hadn't thought of that. But it's an idea. In fact, it's a very good idea."

"Oh, dear, I should have kept my big mouth shut," Nancy said.

"It's the answer to both our problems."

"I didn't have any problem until just this minute."

Bill grinned. "We can move it down a bit at a time."

"Wait a minute!" Nancy cried. "Are you serious?"

"Of course I'm serious," he replied. "I have to get rid of my farm, and you can use one. You'd like to have one, wouldn't you?"

"You look and sound as though you were trying to hypnotise me into saying yes!" Nancy gasped.

"And?" Bill prompted. "And you have," she laughed.

"Good. Now all that's left is to decide where we'll have dinner to-night." When she hesitated, he added hastily: "Strictly business; so we can talk over plans for moving."

Nancy was enthralled with the idea of having a farm in the city. They agreed to work on it a little every evening. In that way they would have everything moved down in a week or two, before Lilly returned from California.

Bill wrote Lilly a long letter that night, telling her that the "mess" in their apartment was already in the process of being moved. His conscience

felt better about everything afterward.

At eight o'clock the following evening Bill presented himself at 14-C. Nancy was wearing shorts and, as he had been afraid, she had very nice legs. Above the shorts was a blue jersey, and that was also very nice. The disconcerting thing about Nancy, Bill thought soberly, she wasn't bad to begin with, and she continually improved.

"Ready?" he asked.

"Tally-ho," she smiled.

They began with the begonia plant and some potted geraniums and carried them downstairs. Later they progressed to the African violets and the hydrangeas and the roses.

They used the stairs entirely, and when they came to the heavy shrubs Nancy ran ahead, holding open doors. They worked hard, and it was after midnight when Bill went home finally.

It took three nights to move everything from the living-room but the ivy. They moved that on Thursday night, and it was a project all by itself.

Bill nailed the latticework to the wall on either side of Nancy's chimney and began weaving in the runners. Nancy knelt beside him.

On Saturday morning the real job—the moving of the terrace—began; and with it came problems. First of all, there was the matter of the vegetables. They wouldn't transplant, Nancy said.

Bill had the bright idea of eating them. Nancy seconded it, and they set to work immediately to pick the garden clean.

They washed the beets and carrots, shucked the five ears of corn, sliced the seven tomatoes, and at eleven-thirty sat down on the terrace to an all-vegetable lunch.

They ate everything to the last carrot, then lay back in their chairs contentedly. It was such a nice day, bright and sunny, and they had so much to talk about—gardens and farms and New England and Wisconsin.

"You're sure you don't want to keep some of your garden?" Nancy asked. "Last chance before Porter Farms absconds with it all."

Bill shook his head. "No thanks."

She regarded him somberly. "Lilly wouldn't like it, would she?"

"No," Bill said.

There was that puzzled frown in her eyes again. Then, with a slight shrug of her shoulders, she said, "We'd better get on with the job."

Bill thought he'd detected a trace of scorn in her voice and in her glance. He didn't blame her in a way, but he squirmed, nevertheless.

Please turn to page 55

"Now good digestion wait on appetite. And health on both."



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## IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY

By GUS







*School bells changed to church bells . . .*

when blue-eyed Joan Mills became Mrs. N. R. Stephens of Adelaide Terrace, Perth, W.A.—for the bridegroom was her childhood playmate. To match the flowers in her bouquet, this lovely Pears Bride pinned a spray of creamy roses and tuberose to her mist-fine embroidered veil.

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She thought  
she needed  
"medicines"...  
but it was  
really



## HIDDEN HUNGER



Doctors and  
Nutrition  
Experts  
agree



that although we are blessed with an abundance of food, "Hidden Hunger" is far more common than most people realise. They say also that you can satisfy your hunger by having three meals every day—and still not satisfy your body's needs. When we eat the wrong kind of foods, or not enough of the right kind, then we suffer from "Hidden Hunger"—and our system is hungry for certain essential food elements in our daily diet. This means that while we may not feel actually ill, we are never really well—and seldom look our best.

### Your children—and "Hidden Hunger"



Do they tend to tire easily? Do they lose weight—or find it difficult to gain? Do they lead other children, or just droop along in the background. These are definite symptoms of "Hidden Hunger" in children.

**Horlicks guards against "HIDDEN HUNGER" because it induces sound sleep, and gives you balanced, easily-digested nourishment.**

You must have sound sleep to guard against the effects of "Hidden Hunger." A cup of hot Horlicks before bed soothes your nerves, relaxes your mind and off you go... to replace lost energy and wake refreshed.

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## HIDDEN HUNGER

HI-4

### Your husband—and "Hidden Hunger"



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# Famous stage team returns



MADGE ELLIOTT and Cyril Ritchard retain all the charm that made them Australia's favorite stage pair. In spite of their successes abroad, they still regard Australia as their home.



MARKED RESEMBLANCE between Madge Elliott and her 97-year-old mother, Mrs. Fran Elliott, is apparent. Mrs. Elliott has been looking forward eagerly to Madge's visit.

## Madge Elliott comes home to see her 97-year-old mother

By  
**PATRICIA ROLFE,**  
staff reporter

During her six weeks' stay in Australia, stage-star Madge Elliott will visit her 97-year-old mother, Mrs. Fran Elliott, every day at her home in Randwick, N.S.W.

"That's what I've come for," she said. "I'm not even thinking of work."

MADGE and her husband, Cyril Ritchard, flew out from America, where they have been appearing on television.

They plan to tour the Commonwealth next year in Vanbrugh's "The Relapse, or Virtue in Danger," in which they appeared in London and New York.

Miss Elliott was disappointed to arrive one day late for her mother's birthday, May 4, but the family celebrated on Madge's birthday, May 12.

One present she brought for her mother was a pale blue hand-crocheted shawl with silver thread worked into the border.

She told her mother that she bought it in the Bahamas, where they were very fashionable as shoulder-wraps.

"It's very beautiful," Mrs. Elliott whispered. "But I've never worn a shawl," she added firmly.

Madge explained to me that her mother had never liked shawls. She thinks they are only for old women.

Still, she will keep this one, even if she doesn't wear it.

Since Madge was here four years ago, she had heard from members of her family that her mother's sight and strength had failed considerably.

She was quite excited when her mother commented that she was wearing grey.

Mrs. Elliott has difficulty in distinguishing features, but can still see colors.

She is now bedridden but is extremely alert and interested

in all her famous daughter is doing.

She was quite excited about having her picture taken, but refused to be prettied up.

"I want to look just as my friends see me," she said.

By the bedside was a birthday cake, in the form of a doll with the dates 1854-1951 on it, which one of the patients of her son, Dr. Curtis Elliott, made for her.

When the Ritchards were here four years ago, Mrs. Elliott attended their first night at the Theatre Royal, Sydney.

That was the last time she visited the city, because in the following winter she had a serious illness.

Mrs. Elliott encouraged Madge, who is her only daughter, to go on the stage.

She and her husband, the late Dr. N. P. Elliott, were delighted with the talent their daughter showed from an early age.

Madge's personality and charm are so obviously inherited from her mother that you feel if Mrs. Elliott had been born in a later age she would perhaps have gone on the stage herself.

But when she was a girl in England her father not only disapproved of young women going on the stage but attending the theatre at all.

As well as "The Relapse," the Ritchards hope to do "Castle in the Air." It is a modern straight play with a cast of five.

"We would also like to do a musical," Cyril said. "At present we have in mind something which has done a

season in New York and just opened in London. You can work that out for yourself. "However, someone might do it here before we get back, or something newer and better might turn up."

The Ritchards are emphatic that an Australian cast could handle "The Relapse," and they would like to gather all their players here.

"I'm not saying it because I happen to be here at the moment," Mr. Ritchard said, "but I think Australian actors are splendid. They need direction, of course, but, then, don't we all?"

Television is the newest and most exciting happening in the Ritchards' theatrical lives.

Just before they left America for Australia they appeared in "Mrs. Dayne's Defence," an old-fashioned melodrama by Henry Arthur Jones.

### Played it straight

"WE had to play it absolutely straight," Cyril explained.

It was, of course, a commercial programme, and it's very disconcerting for stage players to have their performance interrupted by an advertisement for cheese.

Just before he left New York he had to turn down a television engagement to appear in "Coriolanus."

"I wondered why they had suddenly picked on 'Coriolanus,' which is not one of the most popular of Shakespeare's plays," he said.

"However, there is a striking similarity between the story of the Roman general

and the recent recall of General MacArthur, so the Americans were right on the ball as usual."

"We like television because it pays well," Cyril added, "but it's very tiring."

"You simply have to shut out life, and I don't think anyone can last at it."

Cyril was enthusiastic about New York stage audiences.

He described them as "pic." Asked to explain what that meant, he said: "Well, you like pic, don't you?"

Another interesting experience the Ritchards had was flying to Nassau in the Bahamas, as guest stars for a week of the branch of the New York Theatre Guild, which has established a "theatre in the round" there.

"We had the audience on four sides," Cyril explained. "It is very hard to get used to. It's rather like playing on the dining-room table with very few clothes on."

After their visit here the Ritchards will fly to London and then return to New York.

"This is where we would like to have a home," Madge said wistfully, looking across the waters of Sydney Harbour.

"I went to school just over there," Cyril added nostalgically, looking across at Milson's Point, "and I played Macbeth in 'Macbeth' at a little theatre somewhere near there when I was 15. I wonder if it is still standing?"

"And there was another theatre on Church Hill years ago. I played Hamlet there when I was 16."

Both Cyril and Madge say that when they retire, they will return to Sydney to find a house with a harbor view.

In spite of their conquest of the London theatre, and their more recent successes in America, they are still very definitely Australians.



# French Rugby players are happy team

They're handsome, nearly all married

A more likeable, good-natured, and happy party of Frenchmen than the 24 Rugby League footballers, now in Australia, would be hard to find.

Most of them come from towns near the Spanish border and for that reason their speech has more than a faint suggestion of Spain.

THEIR accent is as different from that of the northern Frenchmen as a Scot with his burr is different from an Oxford graduate.

These footballers are darker and have browner eyes than the average northern Frenchman.

When you look at some of their names you realise how close to Spain they live — Michel Lopez and Pierre Perez for instance.

Other members of the team trace their families back to Italy. Paul Bartoletti, Joseph Crespo, and Vincent Cantoni are only a few with Italian-sounding names.

In spite of their "over-the-border" names, they are all thoroughly French in their point of view and in their individuality as players.

Sometimes English critics say that a French football team does not play as a team but as a series of individuals.

Robert Puig-Aubert, the 26-year-old bronzed and good-looking team captain, is only five feet eight inches tall, but is one of the finest full-backs in the world.

The other lads in the team call him Pipette because he smokes a pipe and also because to a Frenchman the name Pipette seems to sum up his lively and sunny personality, and to indicate something of his Puckish technique.

Puig-Aubert can kick equally well with both feet and can get goals from all sorts of positions in the field. He can run so fast he is rarely tackled. And as he speeds along he smiles impishly.

He has been playing football since he was 15. At first football was only a Saturday hobby with him. Then he went to work for a wine-selling firm.

When World War II broke out he had risen to the status

of wine inspector for his company.

To-day he owns a sports store in Carcassonne.

Tall, well-built 27-year-old Ode Lespes is a commercial traveller from Bordeaux.

The Christian name Ode is almost unknown in France. With a wry smile, Ode will tell you how he got this name.

"Before I was born, my parents were hoping for a girl and they were going to call her Odette," he says. "Unfortunately for them, a great, hefty boy, who turned out to be a footballer, was born, so they called him Ode."

"I don't think they bear me any ill-will that I turned out to be Ode and not Odette."

On the contrary, Ode's father is very proud of his son, who is one of France's best wing three-quarters. His mother has never missed any big match in which he has played.

But she is always asking him to take things more easily. Ode in one season and a half fractured his shoulder six times.

He says he has lost count of the "minor muscular and other injuries" he has received since he began playing at the age of 16. He is one of the team's tough men.

Jacques Merquay, who plays either centre three-quarter or stand-off half, is a handsome 22-year-old Marseilles pharmacy student who has given up his studies this year to make the Australian trip.

Jacques is going to take his final examinations after his return to Marseilles.

In his luggage are his pharmacy text-books and notebooks. He says he cannot afford to let his work slip too much. He is one of the few unmarried men in the team.

"I hope that despite football and pharmacy study I will



ROBERT PUIG-AUBERT, captain of the French Rugby League team now in Australia, was disappointed at not being able to bring his pretty brown-eyed wife (inset) with him. They have a five-months-old baby daughter.

have time to meet some Australian girls," he says.

Jacques prefers blondes.

Jacques Merquay and Guy Delaye, fair, solidly built second-rower, who also is 22, are the babies of the team. Guy also comes from Marseilles, where he's a shoemaker. He is married.

Jean Dop, 30-year-old Toulouse barman, who plays scrum-half, will give Australians more laughs than any other team member.

When he has an unsuccessful day on the football field he shrieks out, shaking his fists

towards heaven, or lies down on the field, pommelling the earth with his big fists.

When he has a good day, he shouts drinks for the clientele of his bar, and puts on a mock bull-fighting show.

His pantomime as a torador is sensational. Once he took part in a real bull-fight at Bordeaux.

His pretty, fair wife, Genevieve, helps Jean in the bar. She describes him as "the most eccentric man I have ever met, but I can't imagine a better husband."

Although the team comes from some of France's most prolific wine-growing centres, most of the players drink only a litre (1½ pints) of wine a day.

That is a modest amount for a Frenchman.

The Rugby players are terrific meat-eaters. Gaston Comes, the brown-haired, 28-year-old Perpignan centre

three-quarter, told me he could eat three steaks a day if he could afford them.

"All my life I've wanted to go to Australia," he said, "and if the boat fare had not been so high I would have been there long ago. This trip is the biggest thing in my life. I might even settle in Australia if I can see good prospects."

Comes is a cafe proprietor. He is married.

Although Rugby League is almost unknown in Paris, in southern France "Le Rugby a Treize" (pronounced Roogbi ah trez) is perhaps the most popular sport.

The war temporarily put an end to the game even in southern France, which was not occupied by the Nazis. The Vichy Government was suspicious of all clubs, even football clubs, and closed them.

The promising young footballers and their supporters in the south became fighters in the Resistance Movement.

Prominent among them was 30-year-old Paul Barriere, who, as president of the French Rugby League, has accompanied the team to Australia.

He is one of France's leading textile manufacturers and was recently awarded the French Sports Ministry's Gold Medal for his services to sport.

He is married with two children, and affects a huge, broad-brimmed hat. He is an ardent bull-fighting fan, fisherman, and cyclist.

He has given each member of the touring team a navy-blue suit for street wear and a complete football outfit.

## From ROLAND PULLEN, in Paris



JOSEPH CRESPO, of Lyons, plays centre three-quarter or scrum-half. He is one of the players of Italian lineage.



JACQUES MERQUEY, 22, is one of the two babies of the team. He will sit for his final pharmacy in October.



GASTON CALIXTE is one of the best Rugby forwards in France. He is an expert on tactics.

## Pearl-Smooth Complexion Radiance

that lasts for hours without repowdering



**SILK-SIFTED** Gemey Face Powder brings clinging softness with a fragrance of irresistible appeal



Only Gemey Face Powder gives the perfect make-up combination—silk-sifted super-fineness for longer-lasting make-up perfection... and the tantalising fragrance of exquisite Gemey Perfume

Created by Richard Hudnut, the clinging softness of this superbly-formulated powder suits all types of skin... it never cakes or streaks. Gemey gives you a make-up of irresistible appeal... a soft glow of youthful radiance.

Enhance and guard your loveliness through busy days and evening pleasures... select your Gemey fashion-perfect shade... wear this silken-soft caress of fragrant beauty.

## Harmonising Gemey Beauty Aids

Perfume, Creams, Cleansing Lotion, Talc and Dusting Powder.



# Gemey

**SILK-SIFTED** FACE POWDER

CREATION OF Richard Hudnut

NEW YORK LONDON PARIS SYDNEY

AT ALL CHEMISTS AND SELECTED DEPARTMENT STORES

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So warm...

...so soft...

...so everlasting...

*Lacoria*

Pure Lambs Wool  
**BLANKETS**

MAKE *Goodnight* A CERTAINTY

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - MAY 26, 1951



# £6000 Dance Contest

## Amateur dancers will keep their status

Contestants in The Australian Women's Weekly £6000 Jubilee Square Dance Contest can dance with or against professional dancers without affecting their status as amateurs.

We announce this to answer the hundreds of inquiries we have received from people who are anxious to enter the contest but do not want to prejudice their amateur standing.

THE Federal Association of Teachers of Dancing (Australia and New Zealand) say:

"We as an association are agreeable to the competition being conducted as a 'Mixed Competition' to include both amateur and professional dancers (teachers excluded)."

"This type of competition is recognised by the Official Board of Ballroom Dancing in England, although it has so far not been introduced in Australia."

For this Jubilee Contest the amateur ruling has also been waived by the Council of Dancing Organisations of Australia.

The Council and Federal Association of Teachers of Dancing say that in Australia amateur dancers can accept cash prizes without becoming professional dancers.

Joe Lewis, America's top square-dance expert, will arrive in Australia on May 30 to judge the contest and give exhibitions in all States.

Contestants will be asked to

dance an impromptu call to "The Square Dance by the Billabong."

Sheet music and records of "The Square Dance by the Billabong" are now on sale.

The recording (number FY1004) is by Fidelity. It features Bobby Limb and His Band on a double-sided ten-inch disc. On one side "The Square Dance by the Billabong" is played "straight"; on the other it is called.

Contestants will also be required to do one or all of "Glory, Hallelujah," "Denver Waggon Wheel," and "Merry-Go-Round."

These three dances are fully described in Joe Lewis' book, "Square Dancing for New Dancers and New Callers," which is now available at book-sellers in Australia.

The first part of "Denver Waggon Wheel" runs:

*First couple balance and give her a swing, then lead out to the right of the ring, Circle four and you will see, he'll leave that girl right where she be.*



AT FITZROY TOWN HALL, Melbourne, Pat Neasby, Valda Randall, Jim Russell, Jim Dempster, Beverley May, Isa Killday, Lionel May, and Bruce Heard do the "Glory, Hallelujah." This is one of the four dances set for our £6000 contest.

Go on to the next and circle three, and steal that girl like honey from a bee.

On to the next and circle four, leave her there, go home once more.

Joe Lewis explains:

"The lead couple goes to their right and circles four once around. The lead man leaves his partner there and goes on to the right to circle three."

"He takes the girl in the three with him and goes on to the right to circle four. He now goes home alone and the men who have two ladies form lines of three on the side of the ring."

Joe Lewis' exhibitions of square dancing will be given in Sydney, June 4-9; at David Jones; Melbourne, June 18-23, at Myer Emporium; Adelaide, July 2-7, at Myer's; Perth, July 16-21, at Boans Ltd.; and

Entries close next week

Brisbane, July 30-August 4, at the Cremorne Theatre.

Tickets for the exhibitions in Sydney will be available on May 28 at the ground floor of David Jones' Elizabeth Street store. Tickets are 6/- each.

Next week we will announce when and where tickets for Joe Lewis' exhibitions in other capitals will be on sale.

Victorian championships will be held at the Melbourne Town Hall on June 23; South Australian championships at the Tivoli Theatre, Adelaide, on July 7; Western Australian at Anzac House, Perth, on July 21; and Queensland on August 4, at the Cremorne Theatre, Brisbane.

Tasmanians are eligible to compete in the Victorian championships. Canberra contestants can enter the New South Wales championships.

New South Wales championships at the Trocadero, Sydney, on August 8, will be followed by the Australian championships on August 11, also at the Trocadero.

Prize-money of £6000 will be divided as follows:

**AUSTRALIAN CHAMPIONS**—£3200. (This means that each member of the team of eight will receive £400.)  
**STATE CHAMPIONS** in each of five States—£400. (£50 for each team member, winning teams still eligible to win the Australian Championship.)

**SECOND PRIZE** in each of five States—£100. (£12/10/- for each team member.)

**THIRD PRIZE** in each of five States—£60 (£7/10/- for each team member.)

Entries from all States will close on Saturday, June 2.

The winners of each State championship will be given a return trip to Sydney by air and one week's holiday in Sydney at the expense of The Australian Women's Weekly.

They will compete in the Australian championships, to be held in Sydney on Saturday, August 11.

The Australian champion team will be given a fortnight's holiday in Sydney.

Teams will consist of four men and four women. Two emergencies, one man and one woman, must be nominated.

There is no age limit for The Australian Women's Weekly Jubilee Square Dance Contest. No entry fee is required.

Light as a flutter of butterfly wings...



It's sheer enchantment,

this Face Powder by

Lourmay! So exquisitely

fine it clings hour after

hour, with fragrant flattery.

What could be more

enhancing to any girl than—

THE BUTTERFLY TOUCH OF

*Lourmay*  
**FACE POWDER**



Lourmay Beauty Preparations are recommended by Guild Chemists throughout Australia. Also featured by Cosmetic Sections of leading Department Stores.

"Who is she?"

"Isn't she lovely!" That's what men and women so often say about the blonde or brunette who uses new Sta-blond or Brunitex "Make-up" Shampoo. No wonder she catches every eye.

She can be YOU. Sta-blond and Brunitex do even more than make your hair MORE SHINY and RADIANT—they ENRICH its natural colour by several shades. They were the first shampoos to contain Lanol (concentrated Lanolin).

Be a "Who is she?" girl! Try Sta-blond if you're fair or Brunitex if you're dark—see what your friends'll say tomorrow!

NOW AVAILABLE AS LIQUIDS—IF YOU PREFER

**VIRGINIA ROBERTS' STÅBLOND & BRUNITEX**  
for fair hair for dark hair

make you prettier



## SQUARE DANCE ENTRY FORM

NAME AND ADDRESS (IN BLOCK LETTERS)

MALES

FEMALES

EMERGENCY

STATE

Complete this entry form and forward it to The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 5552, G.P.O., Sydney, before June 2, marking envelope, "Jubilee Square Dance Contest."

Here are the conditions of the contest:

1. There is no entry fee.  
2. Dancing teachers are NOT eligible to enter.

3. This contest is open to all dancers in Australia other than as stated in paragraph 2.

4. Please underline on entry form the name of the team captain, to whom

all communications will be addressed.

5. Entry from any team member under the age of 21 must be accompanied by written permission of parent or guardian.

6. Each entry form must be accompanied by the following declaration signed by all team members: "In the event of winning a State championship,

we are agreeable to travelling to Sydney for one or two weeks, with air transport and hotel expenses paid by The Australian Women's Weekly, to compete in the National Championship."

7. The judge's decision will be final and no communication will be entered into regarding his decision.



# Petrouchka — first Australian production

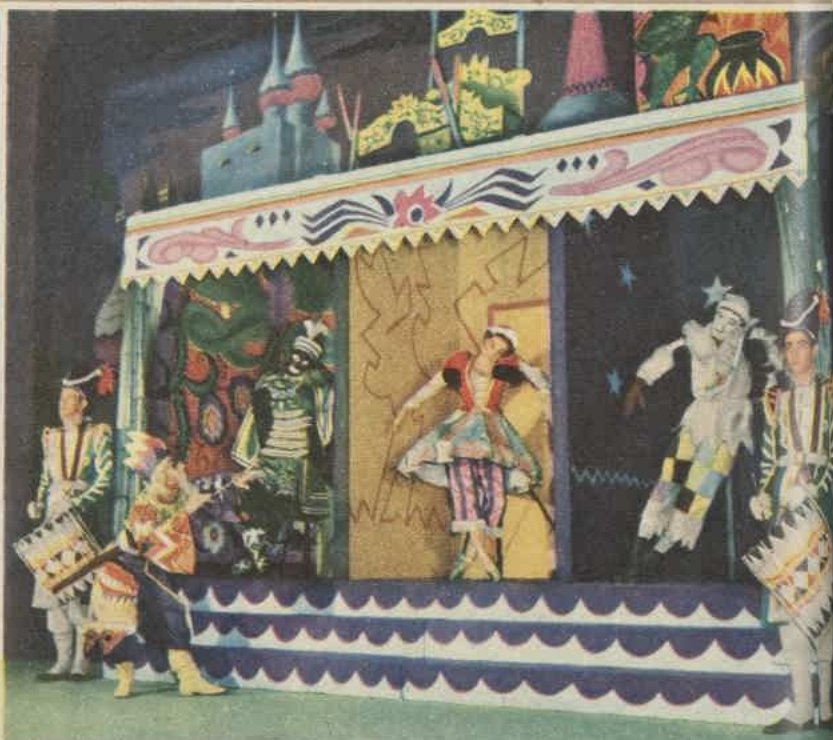


INTO THE MARKET-PLACE of a Russian village at carnival time, with its gay crowd always eager for diversion, comes two young dancers (Helen France, left, and Eve King).

Each anxious to capture the attention of the crowd, they vie with each other in performing the most intricate steps they can do to the music of their hurdy-gurdy player.



THE CHARLATAN (Paul Hammond), bright and barbaic figure who pulls the strings to make his puppets move and who plays the wild, sweet music that makes them dance.



THE PUPPET-SHOW BEGINS. The Charlatan proudly presents his attractions—the Blackamoor (Charles Boy), the Ballerina (Peggy Sager), and Petrouchka (Mira Zloch).



★ The Borovansky Ballet Company has successfully produced the spectacular ballet *Petrouchka*, in which the great Nijinsky danced. The premiere of this first all-Australian production was in Sydney. Decor by William Constable.



AFTER THEIR PERFORMANCE the puppets come to life. The Blackamoor and Petrouchka compete for the love of the Ballerina. She rejects the sensitive clown and accepts the dashing but soulless Blackamoor.

CARELESS OF PETROUCHKA'S BREAKING HEART, the Blackamoor and the Ballerina mockingly dance together. Constable's costumes and sets combine vivid color with keen attention to detail.



PETROUCHKA'S DEATH. The Blackamoor, bearing a scimitar, pursues Petrouchka out of the puppet-tent and slays him. The crowd silently moves away and the Charlatan finds

himself standing alone, grasping a figure stuffed with straw, while the ghost of Petrouchka mocks him from the top of the tent. Pictures by staff photographer Clive Thompson.



# KRAFT'S Exciting NEW Cheese Food!



## Velveeta

SENSATIONAL OVERNIGHT SUCCESS!

**RICH YET MILD!**

**HIGHLY NOURISHING!**

Just a few weeks ago Velveeta was almost unknown. Now tens of thousands of housewives are buying it every week.

The reason is easy to see. First of all, Velveeta has a new kind of flavour... a "different", more delicious flavour—rich yet mild. Everybody loves that flavour, from Grandad to two-year-olds!

Then, of course, Velveeta s-p-r-e-a-d-s like butter, yet slices firmly. This not only makes it easier to use—but you don't need expensive butter. Think of the money you save on sandwiches alone!

As for food value, doctors are saying: "Velveeta contains vital food elements. It is as digestible as milk, and quickly builds up children."

Velveeta is NOT an ordinary cheese. Velveeta is a cheese food rich in protein to build firm flesh, and is a good source of Vitamin A and Riboflavin. High in calcium and phosphorus content, it builds strong bones and sound teeth. And—Velveeta is as digestible as milk itself. Here's a valuable food for your entire family. Pasteurised, foil-wrapped and packaged, Velveeta is completely protected. It stays FRESH. Your grocer has Velveeta NOW. Try it today!



**MEN ARE SAYING:**  
"At last! We've been waiting for this flavour."

**Buy it! Try it!  
TO-DAY**

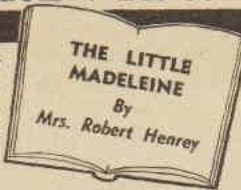
LOOK FOR THE  
YELLOW PACKET



## BOOK REVIEW

By KAY MELAUN

"This is the story of my girlhood. No fact has been altered. Each character bears his, or her, own name."



ON this refreshing author's note, Mrs. Robert Henry begins her autobiography with her birth in Montmartre in 1906.

A Book Society choice, her story covers the days when she was Madeleine Gal, only surviving child of desperately poor French parents.

Mrs. Henry is married to an English journalist. Their son is Bobby Henry, child star of the film "The Fallen Idol."

She has a string of publications to her name.

The early ones were written as Robert Henry, in collaboration with her husband. (She dictated; he edited.) Later she adopted the old-fashioned "Mrs. Robert Henry" because her femininity was avowedly irrepressible.

This femininity contributes much of the charm of "The Little Madeleine." It is a book to delight women, although men might dismiss it as insipid.

Mrs. Henry is tender, perceptive, imaginative, and shrewd. She ignores cosmic struggles, politics, and the other earnest things of life.

Also one reads this often pathetic story comfortably reassured that Mrs. Henry now enjoys an earned income of some £8000 a year, that she is attractive at 45.

Her father was Emile Gal, who married an 18-year-old country girl who went to Paris. Her recommendations were a crown of bronze hair and a 17in. waist. Later it transpired that she had a character of iron. Matilda Gal needed it.

Emile drifted to builder's laboring, drank and gambled away his wages at his favorite cafes, and became a raging tiger in drink, smashing domestic crockery and quarrelling with his wife, whom he nevertheless loved until death.

Matilda, disenchanted, often acid, kept the family going by sewing.

"She was a genius with the needle," writes her daughter, "as others are born with minds rich in melody or with eyes receptive to color, and her fingers took naturally to the softness and prettiness of lace."

The family diet was on a basis of fried potatoes and cherries. There was no money for an anaesthetic for the removal of the little Madeleine's tonsils. The doctor's method was to tear them out, up-end the child over a basin to clear her throat, and send her away with a piece of ice to suck.

Though this sort of story sounds simple enough, Mrs. Henry does it with great grace. Besides, it is rich with life. It is crammed with biographies of neighbors and relatives—clerks, peasants, lace-makers, concierges, servants, apaches, laundrywomen, prostitutes.

This is a typical description of one of the host of minor

characters in this crowded story:

"She was a big woman, dark, with blue eyes, pretty, but with no waist, and short. She was terribly quick, could sweep and clean a room in no time... She was dreadfully in love with her husband. She believed he loved nobody but her."

"He, the wicked man, was naturally inconstant. He would only arrive home after most of his leave had been spent with a mistress. He would give his wife one magnificent day, spend all her savings, beat his eldest daughter Alice, whom he considered ugly and useless, put his wife pregnant, and then hurry back to his regiment."

There was Didine, the pretty, kind-hearted prostitute with her "orange lingerie garnished with black velvet."

There was a street-sweeper. "She wielded the birch broom expertly. Her semicircles were each of the same



MRS. ROBERT HENRY

size to the fraction of an inch, and she produced a sort of lace fringe on either side of the road, using the water from the gutter to dampen her broom."

Mrs. Henry pays conscious and unconscious tribute to the chic of the Parisienne. She writes of the genius of her aunt, Marie-Therese—the gay, irresponsible member of the family, who could whip up a dream of a hat out of a flower and a piece of ribbon.

As for household crafts: "You should have seen her (a neighbor) take a handkerchief, stretch the corners, fold it, hit it with the iron. For a handkerchief to be ironed perfectly it had to remain rigid, in its folds, when one took it up... What miracles one can do with heavy, old-fashioned irons heated on coals or on the gas-ring!"

"Pleats form themselves magically all down nightgowns or lingerie; blouses stand up like living things! To sew quickly and deftly with a thimble and to iron like these Paris women used to are the loveliest gifts that a woman can have."

The book ends with the move to Soho of the widowed Madame Gal and Madeleine and a first hint of success.

"The Little Madeleine" is published by J. M. Dent and Sons Ltd., London. Our copy from Grahame Book Company.

## Editorial

Vol. 18, No. 51. May 26, 1955

### Time factor in marriage

IN urging an amendment of marriage laws the Dean of Sydney, Dr. Barton Babbage, suggests that couples should be compelled to give three weeks notice of intention to marry.

The Dean founded the St. Andrew's Cathedral Marriage Guidance Centre in Sydney three years ago.

From his wide experience Dr. Babbage says that such an amendment would act as a deterrent to eloping couples and would discourage hasty and irresponsible marriages, a great proportion of which end in divorce.

Even three weeks seems a short time for infatuated couples to discover flaws in plans which seem to them perfect.

As our New York office reported recently, Dr. Kenneth Welles, minister of one of the biggest Presbyterian churches in Albany, New York, insists that prospective brides and bridegrooms see him six months before their wedding date.

His conversations with them at meetings over that period are designed to bring to light conflicting views and ambitions.

But Dr. Babbage's contention that compulsory announcement of intention to marry three weeks before the date, corresponding to the traditional time taken in reading banns, is a practical suggestion that might prevent some hasty marriages.

He also suggests banning divorce for three years after marriage.

After three years the two people concerned know that each has faults and prejudices.

If the alluring prospect of regaining their freedom was thus postponed, many couples might find a basis for mutual understanding that would last for the rest of their lives.

### The Australian Women's Weekly

HEAD OFFICE: 168 Castlereagh Street, Sydney, N.S.W. Box 4086 W.W. G.P.O.  
MELBOURNE OFFICE: 390 Paper House, 347 Collins Street, Melbourne, Victoria. Box 1850, G.P.O.  
BRISBANE OFFICE: 21 King Street, Brisbane, Queensland. Box 4086, G.P.O.  
ADELAIDE OFFICE: 24-25 Rialto Street, Adelaide, South Australia. Box 388A, G.P.O.  
PERTH OFFICE: 49, Bridge Street, Perth, Western Australia. Box 4910, G.P.O.  
TASMANIA: Letters to Sydney address.





COMPLAINING of the sun in your eyes if you find serving very difficult can't be appreciated by your partner.



SIT TIGHT when yachting or you may cause unpleasant accidents. The boom has a habit of putting you overboard.

## Be a Sport!

If you are not an outdoor girl the best thing to do when invited for a day in the open is to be frank, but not apologetic, about your lack of experience. You'll soon be found out if you pretend to be good at sports that you know little about.

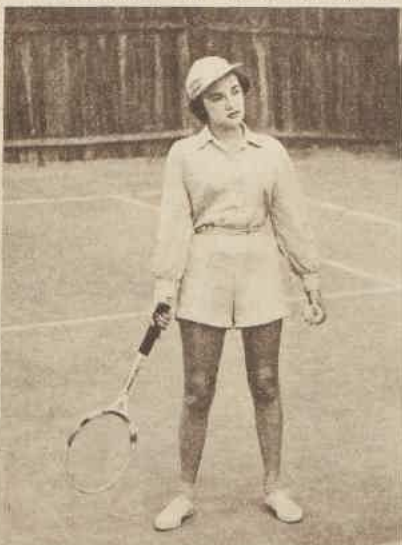


DO NOT BE TOO PROUD to be a quiet, well-behaved horse if you have had little experience at riding horses.

BE A GOOD LOSER. Your partner won't like it if you go into long explanations of why you didn't win.



GOLF has its ups and downs even for the good player. Complaining about state of the fairway won't get you anywhere.



Simple as taking a walk...  
Cleaning House with the

## New HOOVER Junior

HANDIEST CLEANER  
OF THEM ALL!

What a cleaner! Big enough for the really big jobs... light enough for quick ones... handy enough to store in "pint-size" space... and a Hoover through and through. So easy to handle. So quick to whisk away surface litter. So thorough at getting the deep-down dirt, with Hoover's exclusive triple-action principle — it beats as it sweeps as it cleans... Over 9,000,000 satisfied women own Hoovers. What about one for you, too?



Price  
£22/15/-  
(above-the-floor  
cleaning tools  
£3/10/-  
extra)

Including all these PLUS features of the Larger Hoover

1. Exclusive Positive Agitator to dislodge the scissor-sharp grit which cuts carpet pile.
2. Dustproof Bag so easy to empty, your hands need never touch dirt.
3. Handy Cleaning Tools save stooping and stretching for all above-the-floor cleaning jobs.
4. Adjusts automatically to any carpet thickness.
5. New "Drop Handle" enables it to get right down to business under low furniture, beds, sofas, etc., with only a touch of your hand.
6. And the New Hoover Junior is so compact it tucks away as neatly as a broom when not in use.

Just released... "BEAUTIFUL THOUGH BUSY"

A gay, delightfully illustrated booklet in full colour showing you how to turn your housework into a daily beauty treatment. Send 6d. in stamps to Hoover (Australia) Pty. Ltd., Box 3761, G.P.O., Sydney.

Or ask your local Hoover retailer for a copy free of charge.

NAME

ADDRESS

STATE H.C.7.WW142z

26.3.51



## Carefree and confident

New gaiety lightens your step, your spirits, on days when your calendar calls the tune — and you answer with the comfort of Kotex.

Comfort that comes from downy softness — luxurious and lasting. The kind that holds its shape, because Kotex is made to stay soft while you wear it.

New is the smiling confidence you feel, from the moment you let Kotex dismiss worrisome "hazards" from your mind. For those flat, pressed ends prevent revealing outlines . . . and with that special safety centre you can count on extra protection. Unquestionably . . .

Freedom begins when you choose

**Kotex**

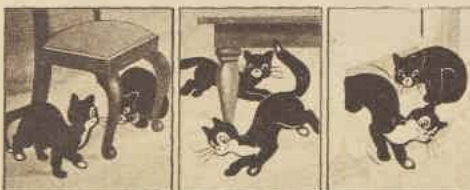


Back again —  
Quest Deodorant Powder, 3/3.

MAKE THE MOST OF KOTEX COMFORT

by choosing a washable, adjustable all-elastic Kotex Belt!

- **De Luxe**, extra-wide and extra soft, with tabs and safety pins, 3/6
- **Wonderform**, with unbreakable flat fasteners or safety pins, 2/11
- **Featherweight**, with unbreakable flat fasteners, 1/6

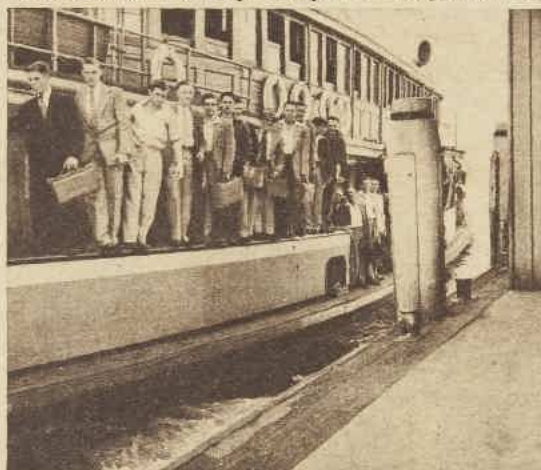


NINE LIVES ARE NO FUN without pep and playfulness. Your cat depends on you to keep him in tip-top condition. Do it by giving him one "Tibs" a day. By supplying in balanced form the aids to fitness which domestic cats so often need, "Tibs" will give your cat a silky coat and a sunny disposition.

**TIBS** "TIBS CAT POWDER". A Bob Martin Product.  
Australian Agents: NALMOS & SPRAGGON  
(Aust.) Pty., Ltd., 1 York Street North, Sydney.



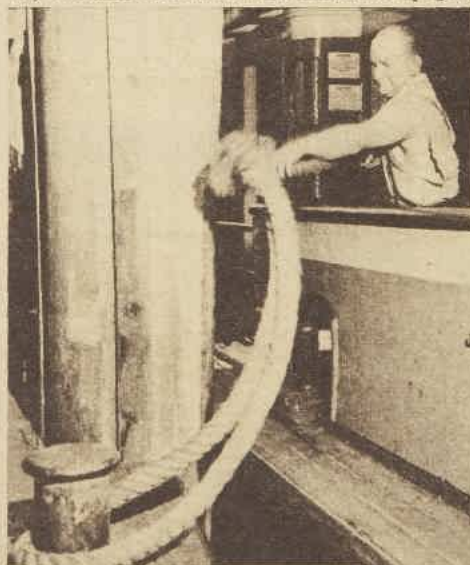
**HARBOR VIEWS** do not interest these tired businessmen, who prefer to read their evening papers. Majorities of passengers have been travelling by ferry for so long that they do not notice the scenery as their ferries travel round some of the prettiest parts of Port Jackson. Even in winter many travellers prefer to sit outside.



**WORKERS** from Cockatoo Dock and Garden Island waiting to disembark at Circular Quay. They do not wait for the gangway to be laid, but most are careful not to attempt great jumps.



**THIS WOMAN** over-estimated her agility. Her future of unlucky passenger was not posed as a lucky break for photographer Ron Brown.



**DECKHAND** Don Lewis, who has been with the ferries for many years, says he rarely misses when throwing the rope to make the ferry fast to wharf.



**CATS**, parrots, and stray dogs live around the ferries wharves. This cat has for company two parrots who live in a cage and whistle excitedly when ferries depart.



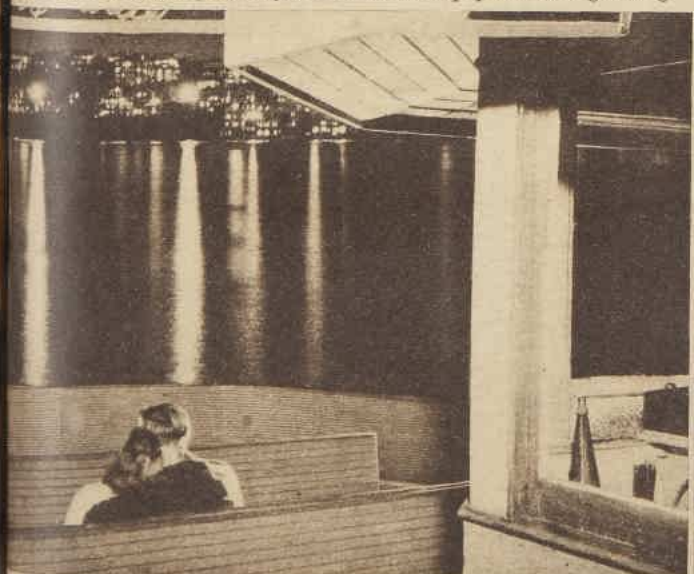
# Ferries are loved but unwanted



**DIESEL FERRIES** of Sydney Ferries Ltd. tied to their wharves in Circular Quay waiting for passengers. Eight ferry jetties and seven overseas shipping wharves make Circular Quay a busy terminus. Passengers and sailors from all over the world mingle with the hurrying ferry travellers and dawdling pleasure trippers.



**YOUNG BUSINESS GIRLS** have a chance to relax, knit, read the paper, or chat with their friends when travelling by ferry to and from work. Many have their regular seats each morning and night and make the trip quite a social gathering.



**ROMANCE** flourishes on the ferries. Few things are more romantic to the young than a bright moonlit night seen from the dark shelter of the wheelhouse. Glimmering reflections from the shore add to the glamor of a night ferry ride.

**N**OT only regular ferry travellers, but all of Sydney's inhabitants have been interested in the fate of Sydney Ferries Ltd.

Ferries have been a part of the city's life since last century. During the past four and a half years Sydney Ferries Ltd. have run at a loss, and early this year announced their intention of withdrawing the services.

The truth is that everybody loves the ferries, but nobody seems to want them.

Without them there would be left only a few of the ferry services which are enjoyed as a mode of travel by visitors and regulars alike.

The regulars fall into two groups. One group enjoys the restful comfort of the trip. Some of its members have sat in the same seats for 30 years.

The other group is made up of retired sea captains, fresh-air fiends, and small boys who sit outside in fine weather and foul, and ride back and forth for pleasure.



**SMILING** Captain Billie Martin has been a ferry skipper for past 40 years.



**SMALL BOYS** and girls never tire of a ferry trip. Mother watches carefully as these two children drag their wooden boat along on a string in the ferry wake.



**MISSED!** No matter when the ferry leaves there is always someone who rushes down the wharf after it. At the last moment this man wisely decided not to leap.



FIRST, COTY'S BRILLIANT



(THE SHADE FOR THE SUN)

—and now, its perfect complement...

# CONTINENTALE

"AIRSPUN" FACE POWDER by

# COTY



Straight from the heart of fashionable Paris comes this thrilling new shade of "AirSpun" Face Powder

— "Continentale" . . . a fascinating soft peach tone, with a subtle hint of deep honey. "Continentale" actually radiates the basic colour of youthful skin, reflecting the warmth and glow of your own complexion at its best. Wonderfully

flattering for those inclined to be pale or slightly sallow and really charming for the suntanned, "Continentale" is perfumed in a choice of five famous Coty Perfumes: L'Origan, Pansy, Chypre, Muguet des Bois, L'Aimant. And, of course, it's "AirSpun" to an incredible fineness — to stay on longer and never, *never* cake!

"Continentale" is introduced in the new, larger Coty "AirSpun" Face Powder Box containing more powder.

**AIRSPUN**—an exclusive Coty process which whirls the powder round at fantastic speed so that each microscopic particle becomes far smaller, rounder and softer than could ever be achieved by mere milling and grinding. The result? Coty "AirSpun" Face Powder, remarkable for its amazingly fine texture, its clinging properties and its absolute refusal to cake even on the oiliest of skins.

"Continentale's" Good Companions to aid you in the Art of being

*Simply Beautiful!*



Coty Lipstick—the Ruted, jewel-like De Luxe container designed to take the marvellous "quick-change" refill . . . or the standard Coty (refills available). 9 colours, including "Coral Pink," perfect with "Continentale."



Coty Foundation Lotion for sensitive skins; for normal skins, Coty Foundation Cream. For those who prefer a coloured base, Coty "Sub-Tint," in 5 lovely colours. You'll like with "Continentale."



Emphasize, ever so slightly, the loveliness of your eyes with Coty's smoothly creamed Eye-shadow—a choice of 5 colours.



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QUEEN MARY and her grandson, Prince Michael of Kent, in an informal picture after the last ceremony of the Trooping of the Color on the Horse Guards Parade.

## Grannie's birthday an occasion

By MARION CRAWFORD, author of  
"The Little Princesses"

Grannie's birthday was always a great occasion for the Princesses, as it still is now that they have grown up.

USUALLY their mother took them to Marlborough House, but I had that enjoyable duty while King George VI and Queen Elizabeth were making their historic visit to Canada and the United States.

Queen Mary was in bed with a slight chill, and in a bed-jacket of pink satin she looked as regal as ever.

The Queen Mother was sitting up to greet her grandchildren with a smile. At her back was a head pillow of pink satin and lace, like the one she uses when she travels.

On the way to Marlborough House in the car, Princess Elizabeth and Princess Margaret held in their hands little Victorian posies—tight bunches of flowers in frilled paper holders.

These they presented to Grannie, wishing her a happy birthday and kissing her on the cheek. It was easy too, see how pleased she was. The posies were placed in vases beside her bed, where she could go on looking at them.

On the bedside tables were all sorts of quaint and pretty things—fans, china ornaments, gilt, enamelled, and lacquered boxes, and knick-knacks.

"See how many friends I have!" said Queen Mary, and explained that many of these presents had come from old people who were strangers to her.

Then she said to the Princesses, "Would you like to choose something for yourselves?"

Like all nicely brought up children, they said, both to-

gether, "Oh, Grannie! We really couldn't." But after a little persuasion, of course they found that they could, and they took two little china animals.

It was my turn next, and I received a lovely painted fan of French workmanship, which, as you may be sure, I still treasure.

Also beside the bed was a heap of letters, most of which, like the presents, were from people not personally known to Queen Mary, but to her, nevertheless, "my dear friends." The children and I were allowed to read a few

This is the third and last instalment of Marion Crawford's book on Queen Mary, who will be 84 on May 26.

of the letters. Some of thick notepaper, were from people whose names and titles they knew, but I remember one written in blue crayon on a ruled page from a child's exercise book; it began, "Dear Queen Mary." The children loved that.

"It's nearly as tidy as one of your letters," said Princess Elizabeth to Princess Margaret.

All through her long life Queen Mary has set down each day's events in her diary. It is a habit that she learned as a child from her mother.

To this day, when she comes back to Marlborough House from a public function, or even from a private visit, her hat is hardly off before she is making notes and memoranda, to be transcribed just before she goes to bed, in the book of hand-tooled leather, with a lock and key.

"Keep up your diary, my dear," said Queen Mary to

Princess Elizabeth as soon as the little Princess could read and write. "Write in it every day. You will never regret it."

And she gave both Princess Elizabeth and Princess Margaret diaries bound in leather like her own.

Every Monday afternoon for several years, Queen Mary, the Princesses, and I made what we called "the little excursions."

At 2 o'clock precisely we would be whisked off with Queen Mary in her car to see something old or new, but always wonderful.

On these occasions we were often reminded of her exceptional memory.

At one museum, on a very warm afternoon, we climbed many stairs to inspect the fierce heads of countless lions and tigers in cases.

Queen Mary seemed more than usually interested in a group of heads of tigers which had been shot by King George V and presented to the museum.

At last she said: "But shouldn't there be another one here? A particularly fine tiger?"

After much searching and questioning it was discovered that the head had been taken down to be de-mothed and cleaned.

"I have never been bored in my life," said Queen Mary once to a friend. Perhaps that is why she never seems to tire.

After three hours in exploring a museum or some other place of interest on one of our Monday afternoons, the Princesses and I were glad to rest—but not Queen Mary. Back at the Privy Purse door of Buckingham Palace, the children would curtsy to Queen Mary, kiss her cheek and then her hand.

Then, as we got ready to totter upstairs, weary after so much walking and sightseeing, Queen Mary would turn to her querry and we would hear her tell him to take her to another engagement.

Please turn to page 31

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## Our doctor discusses

# High blood pressure—insidious modern killer

Pneumonia is no longer the "captain of the men of death," as it was in the last century.

Its place has been ably taken by cardiovascular disease, which, in the American population, is now responsible for a death every minute of the day.

AS its name implies, cardiovascular disease means any disease affecting the heart and/or the blood vessels; and high blood pressure is one of the most significant of these.

High blood pressure occurring in the absence of any disease of the arteries of the kidneys is generally known as "essential hypertension." It is decidedly a disorder of modern life and is responsible for killing at least a quarter of all people beyond the age of fifty.

It dogs the footsteps of the overdriven city worker. It creeps on the lonely lodger. It batters on the tense and worried housewife. It often complicates the menopause; and where change of life indicates a pleasant transition from the child-bearing period to one of relaxation and leisure, a mounting blood pressure may bring about unpleasant symptoms. Otherwise it is no respecter of the sexes. Men and women alike fall to its ravages; but those of phlegmatic temperament are generally less affected.

Anything that causes nervous tension will notch the blood pressure higher than usual. When, for instance, your heart is brimful of love your pressure rises; when it is black with hatred it rises even higher. When the hatred is repressed the rise in blood pressure remains.

Anger causes a similar reaction. But when anger can be expressed it soon passes away and the raised blood pressure falls. It is easier to express anger than hatred. Anger is often explosive while hatred is sullen and rankling. Anger is more easily forgiven.

## Many theories

THE cause of essential hypertension is still unsettled. Theories abound, and range from kidney disorder to the presence of substances in the blood; the endocrines have been incriminated; hereditary factors have been blamed; and, finally, the psychogenic factor which cannot be overlooked now occupies a leading place in the etiology of this widespread disorder.

Every clinician knows that emotional upset temporarily raises the blood pressure. It is something which is beyond conscious control. Outwardly an individual may seem calm and collected, but his blood pressure registers his true emotional state.

Hatred smoulders. Even when it is repressed it continues to smoulder; and the nervous tension necessary to keep it from flaring up into conscious demonstration, to the utter embarrassment of the

individual, keeps the blood pressure constantly raised.

Repressed hatred has no exclusive claim to the raising of blood pressure. Repressed aggression from any cause may act in the same way, and the drive to secure social position, prestige, and a higher standard of living often makes it more essential for the individual to control and repress his hostile and aggressive feelings. No adequate release is possible for them, and the tension so generated flows into the labile vascular system as chronically raised blood pressure.

From the mechanical aspect the initial rise in blood pressure is due to spasm of the smaller arteries which, if continued over many years, leads to a compensatory reaction in the arterial system shown by diffuse thickening of the blood vessels, which may be indistinguishable from arteriosclerosis. One may say, therefore, that increasing blood pressure, unassociated with arterial or kidney disease, in the course of time causes pathological changes in the arteries of an arteriosclerotic nature.

When this stage has been reached, pathological changes in the heart and blood vessels may be expected. The heart becomes hypertrophied and the dilation of its chambers leads to cardiac embarrassment and eventually to heart failure. The heart disease may be due to mechanical overloading or to sclerotic changes in the coronary arteries and degeneration of the muscle walls of the heart itself; and these changes cause death in about 60 per cent. of those who suffer with essential hypertension.

When the degenerative arterial changes are most marked in the vessels of the heart itself, coronary thrombosis (clotting) may give rise to an acute heart attack, which then or at some later stage will cause death. When the arterial changes involve more extensively the blood vessels of the brain, symptoms of apoplexy, as the result of hemorrhage or thrombosis, arise and eventually cause death.

High blood pressure is an insidious thing. Like a thief in the night it may creep upon one unawares. It may give no warning sign; and often remains undiscovered until some cardiac catastrophe sends the patient hurrying off to the doctor.

Often heart symptoms constitute the initial complaint. Heart consciousness and palpitation noticeable in the recumbent position may occur, and may persist without causing alarm for months or years.

If the heart escapes the initial onslaught of hypertensive disease, symptoms of congestive brain trouble may be the first to obtrude. They may



EXERTIONS AND ANXIETIES of modern living cause high blood pressure.

include the sudden occurrence and rapid disappearance of syncopal attacks, transient loss of speech, peculiar sensations in the limbs, and recurrent headache.

With symptoms like these it is obviously somewhat late in the day to call in the doctor and expect him to work the miracle of a cure.

From its very nature high blood pressure in its initial stages can only be ascertained by a medical examination, which includes a manometric reading. And for this reason, however healthy one may feel, it is wise for everyone to undergo a medical check-up from time to time after the age of forty.

## Treatment varies

HIGH blood pressure is a common symptom in a certain type of kidney disease (glomerulonephritis); but this generally shows itself before the age of forty. After that age essential hypertension is by far the commoner condition; and the often very high pressures are more often associated with essential hypertension than with glomerulonephritis.

A consistent systolic blood pressure of more than 160 m.m. is regarded as hypertensive; but a diastolic (i.e., the pressure when the heart is at rest) pressure of over 90 m.m. is of greater significance and is a more reliable indication of essential hypertension.

Pressure may rise rapidly or remain stationary; but generally the rise is gradual and may extend over many years before any alarming symptoms become manifest.

For this reason treatment varies. Some hypertensive patients do not require any treatment apart from regular measurement of the blood pressure. Others get along well with rest and reassurance. In the earlier stages it is surprising how beneficial such simple treatment can be. In other cases it may be necessary to alter one's mode of living. Any other treatment must of neces-

sity be symptomatic and empirical, though it may be designed to protect the patient from the more distressing consequences of the illness rather than to reduce the blood pressure.

Ordinary reduction of weight in the case of a middle-aged person will not only reduce blood pressure but will also ease the load upon the heart. A rice diet, if one can stick to it, will reduce blood pressure owing to the restricted intake of sodium. Certain drugs, particularly the recently introduced methonium compounds, are capable of reducing the blood pressure by blocking transmission of nerve impulses through the autonomic ganglia; but their effect is transient unless the patient submits to a daily injection.

In a condition where the nervous element is largely at fault it seems wisest to treat the patient rather than the blood pressure. And there can be little doubt that psychotherapy if properly carried out may do a great deal to relieve the hypertensive state. Even here it is obvious that the degree of success depends upon the establishment of an exact diagnosis.

High blood pressure is a disorder of our time. We do not fully understand it; but we know that its incidence is increasing and its death toll mounting, because many people live under a mental stress greater than the human organism can carry.

Many of us try to accomplish too much with too little in reserve. In the struggle for peace of mind we sacrifice at the altar of achievement; serenity is bartered for security; tranquillity is undermined by anxiety. Our aggressive drive prevents emotional needs from finding an adequate outlet. Frustrations hedge us in. Impulses force us on, and we accidentally raise our blood pressures to our own demise.

Must this be so, when among the Oriental races high blood pressure is almost unknown?



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## It seems to me

THE Russians intend to clean up clowning and plan special political training to improve the performances of clowns.

The "Soviet Literary Gazette" suggests a Faculty of Clowning with satirical writers at its head. It adds: "The Soviet circus must flatly renounce the vulgar bourgeois acts which still persist in its performances and hinder the correct development of clowning."

There are a lot of things about human nature which can be developed and changed for the better, but it's very difficult to alter the simple and quite foolish things which make us laugh.

I was reminded of this when seeing the comedy "Worm's Eye View," now pulling in audiences in Sydney just as effectively as it pulled them in in London, where shortly it will exceed the run of "Chu Chin Chow" and establish an all-time record.

Sitting back rather critically I was wondering what this play had to distinguish it from a hundred other farces.

Smiling mildly at the dialogue, which could hardly be regarded as frightfully witty or clever, I suddenly found myself laughing heartily.

And what made me laugh? One character, bathing his feet, suddenly jumped up and splashed the face of another!

And that, I thought to myself as I subsided, will teach you not to be superior, my girl.

THERE would be a fair amount of support for the daylight saving suggestion made by Mr. E. D. Darby, Liberal member for Manly in the State House.

Most office workers would welcome the idea of getting home in daylight. Getting up in the morning in winter is such an ordeal anyhow that nothing could make it much worse.

Daylight saving never suits everybody, but the power situation is so exasperating that if the changed time effected any economy in electricity most people would welcome it.

One thing we would all have to resign ourselves to is the inevitable answer to the query, "What's the time?" Whenever there is daylight saving there are wags who vary their answer according to the Premier of the day. It runs, "Do you mean Mr. McGirr's time or God's time?"

The fact that standard time is established by human, not divine, agency doesn't disturb the wags. Nor does the staleness of the jest.

FRENCH students are trying to launch a new philosophy called "Shockism."

It sounds a lot easier to understand than was Existentialism. The launchers say that the 20th century is the century of shocks, and that instead of avoiding shocks we should seek them, not fear the unexpected, upsets, surprises, and dramas.

This appears to have one basic fallacy, easily recognised by any child who has ever jumped out from a dark doorway shouting "Boo!" If you go round expecting people to cry "Boo!" it quite takes the edge off the shock.

By



Dorothy Drain

WHEREVER two or three who have been abroad are gathered together the conversation eventually turns to adventures with the Customs.

These discussions on declarations, dutiable articles, and the highly nervous state which overcomes all travellers at the thought of a Customs officer usually occupy more time than all the rest of the travel talk put together.

There is invariably the anecdote about having declared everything almost truthfully (well, with just a weeny reduction in all the values given), and then not having a case opened: "My dear, when I think of what I could have bought if I'd only known," is the way this story usually finishes.

But the other day I heard a new slant from a girl who had come back from America.

"I didn't have many dollars to spend," she said, "and, of course, I could buy hardly anything. So when I came to write them down on my declaration form I just had to invent a few more. I thought that nobody would believe the truth, and anyhow the truth looked so mingy!"

A FARMER in New South Wales frightened away marauding cockatoos from his crops recently by catching one, coloring it red, and letting it go. Its companions were so terrified that they all flew away.

No wonder, if he painted both the right and left wing.

IN a radio session which teaches new Australians English, smokers were startled recently to hear an episode in which the pupil was taught to buy cigarettes.

He was taken into a shop where he was told how to ask for a packet of 20 cigarettes. When the shopkeeper said, "That will be one and elevenpence," old Australian listeners looked at one another knowingly.

But when the New Australian innocently asked for two packets of 20 and was told that would be three and tenpence, listeners laughed bitterly.

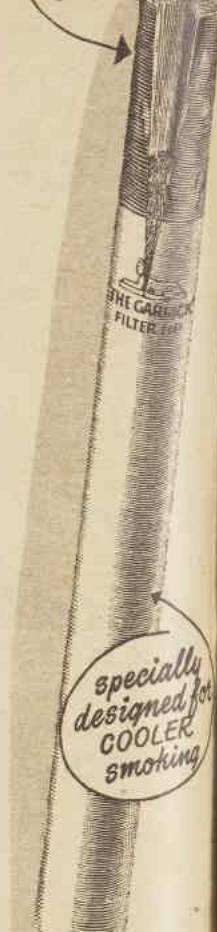
If the figures had been respectively 2/11 and 5/10, the price of abundant English cigarettes, the dialogue would have been teaching not only the language but the facts of a smoker's life.

A REPORT from New York announces that a new summer-weight men's suiting will be on sale next month. It is called "Viracle."

People who decide to call a new material viracle

Obviously do so in the hope that people like myself will give it a free ad. by rhyming it with miracle.

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# The Kellys hold up Cobb & Co.!

"BAIL UP!" And the Kellys strike again! These vigorous young Australians play their games hard. Their feet are never still. Their shoes must be tough to stand the wear and tear they give them. And they must fit well, too, because badly fitting shoes may mean badly formed feet for life.



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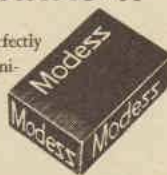
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# Worth Reporting

THE best way we've heard of for a long time of solving the housing problem when migrating to Australia is to bring your house with you.

That's what a Dutch architect, Mr. J. Scholberg, of Amsterdam, has done. He is awaiting the arrival of a ship some time this month with his pre-fabricated seven-room home.

It is built of light-colored Swedish wood and sounds as if it will look delightful in a rustic setting at Deewy Heights, Sydney.

Mr. Scholberg, who came to Australia eight months ago with his wife and three children, told us he designed the house before he left Holland. He saw the work on it begun at a factory at Bussum which builds pre-fab.

"I planned it with three bedrooms, a living-room, kitchen and laundry, and bathroom," he said. "It will be furnished with our own furniture, which I've already had shipped out."

Always interested in housing figures, we asked him how much he estimated it would cost him. After some quick changing of guilders into sterling, he said £1000 to build it, about £200 for transport, and about £600 for assembling.

In Australian money that's £2450.

Mr. Scholberg said his wife was longing for the house to arrive.

We're not surprised. What a lovely parcel to start unpacking.

WE were taken aback this week when our butcher, whom we have always tenderly wooed in case of any future meat shortages, suddenly turned on us and announced an odd economy measure.

He refused to tie up our parcels with string except on Fridays.

When we bought a large bundle of meat on Thursday we had to beg some string because we had no basket with us.

But he sternly told us to remember that particular foot of string was really Friday's issue and not to expect more the next day.

We humbly promised we wouldn't ask.



"This was the only hospital the Doc could get me in."

PRINCE CHARLES now calls himself Plum Charles, writes our London office.

The reason? His father always calls him his "little plum pudding."

It's the young Prince's favorite title in French newspapers, where pictures or stories of the Prince are always headed "Plum Pudding."

## Ned Kelly's in a ballet

SYDNEY artist Bill Constable had no trouble designing the sets and costumes for the new Borovansky ballet "Outlaw," which had its premiere in Sydney last week.

The four sets depict scenes from country town life in Victoria in the 1880's and the days of the outlaw Ned Kelly.

Bill Constable is a country boy from Eaglehawk, a Victorian country town near the Kelly district.

"I don't remember 1880 or Ned Kelly," he told us when we met him backstage, "but I have a good idea what things must have looked like in those days, from my own childhood."

The ballet is the story of Ned Kelly commencing with his famous siege of Glenrowan and ending with his deliverance to justice and the hangman.

The music for it was composed by Melbourne conductor Verdon Williams.

An unusual feature of the ballet is the prologue, which was written by Clive Turnbull, a Kelly expert.

He prepared a booklet called "Kellyana," a bibliography of all the written material on Ned Kelly.

Borovansky wrote the story of the ballet as well as doing the choreography.

## Hippos like tooth treatment

THERE'S never any need to say "open wider, please" to Ranji and Esmeralda, Melbourne Zoo's two hippos. If there's anything they enjoy it's their daily tooth-cleaning and inspection.

As soon as their keeper, Roy Goreham, appears in sight, Ranji and Esmeralda open up their enormous jaws and jostle each other for first treatment.

The cleaning is not just for beauty's sake. If grass seeds or straws are left in their huge molars, the animals are likely to get cut lips, decay, or ulcers.

Their teeth are cleaned every day after their last meal. And between them they cut plenty—70lb. of lucerne hay, 20 bundles of lucerne, and 20lb. of greens or bread.

## New light on redheads

STATISTICIANS are finding some interesting facts about redheads, who, according to latest figures, usually marry before turning 30. Which seems to show gentlemen no longer prefer blondes.

It is said redheads are generous, intelligent, imaginative, proud, sensitive, and brave.

Dr. C. P. Eve, writing in the British Medical Journal, regards them with a less romantic eye, and says bluntly that they are more susceptible to germs than other people.

According to ethnologists redheads are to be found mostly among the Irish, Welsh, Highland Scots, and the Finns. But they are rare, and are only about 7 per cent. in an average population.

Their rarity reminds us of the experience of a very red-headed Australian visiting Rome.

He was sitting quietly in a cafe when a red-headed Italian gentleman came up to him and burst out into a most eloquent speech.

"It went on for a long time," said our friend. "The gist of it was that he was overjoyed to see someone else with red hair, as one seldom did in Italy. He gave me a warm welcome to Rome on the part of one very rare specimen to another."

Our Australian later found himself in some language complications while trying to explain why Australians call redheads "Blue."

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FAMILY LINIMENT

## My favorite poem

Here is the favorite poem of Miss E. Vercoe, of Wilson Street, Moonee Ponds, Victoria. Send us your favorite poem, or a few lines from it.

Nobly, nobly Cape Saint Vincent to the North-west died away;  
Sunset ran, one glorious blood-red, reeking into Cadiz Bay;  
Bluish mid the burning water, full in face Trafalgar lay;  
In the dimmest North-east distance, dawned Gibraltar, grand and grey;  
"Here and here did England help me: how can I help England?"—say,  
Whom turns as I, this evening, turn to God to praise and pray,  
While Jove's planet rises yonder, silent over Africa.

—From "Home Thoughts from the Sea," by Robert Browning.





**BRIDAL GROUP.** Mr. and Mrs. Ray Woods leaving St. Mary's Cathedral with their attendants, Margaret Ford (flower girl), Ron Williams, Peggy McGuire, William Marshall, and Joan Hutton. The bride was Patricia Luscombe, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Norman Luscombe, of Sydney.



**DRAWING-ROOM WEDDING.** Mr. and Mrs. Douglas J. Doyle after their wedding, which took place at the bridegroom's home at Darling Point. The bride, formerly Helen Weißen, is the younger daughter of Mrs. A. W. Weißen, of Darling Point.



**COUNTRY FAMILIES.** Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Fiske leaving St. John's, Toorak, after their wedding. The bride was formerly Patricia Falkner, youngest daughter of Mr. C. L. Falkner, of Boonoke North, Widgee, and the late Mrs. Falkner. The bridegroom is the only son of Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Fiske, of Yendon, Victoria.

## Jubilee Greetings

**WHEN the Sam Horderns leave for abroad this week, daughter Sarah will go to Melbourne to stay with her grandmother, Mrs. Clive Baillieu, of Toorak. Son Sam will remain at boarding-school at Cranbrook.**

Also travelling by air to England this week will be Mrs. Hector Livingston. She interrupted a visit to England to fly back to Australia to see her mother, Mrs. J. A. Long, during Mrs. Long's recent illness.

Mrs. Livingston will stay in England for six months until daughter Ann, at present attending a finishing-school in Switzerland, joins her there, when they will return to Australia.

**MOST** interesting event on the Jubilee race-meeting programme for Mrs. Reg Moses and daughter Marcia was the Corinthian, in which the horses were ridden by amateur jockeys. Son Reg ('Tiggy') rode Bahram's Double into second place. Immediately after the race, which was second on the programme, Mrs. Moses and Marcia left the race-course to drive to Muswellbrook for a visit.

**WHILE** waiting for a flat at Cahors, which they will keep as their town flat, Florence and Noel Vincent have the John Fullards' flat at Macleay Regis for their visits to town from their model farm at Exeter. At the Jubilee race meeting at Randwick Mrs. Vincent, who recently returned from a visit to her mother in Paris, wore an off-the-face hat in two shades of plaited felt with a French coat-frock of grey flannel and a mink stole.

**A JOB** in the office of the Royal Enclosure at Ascot will give Prue Bavin a close view of Royal racegoers, and unlike most of the crowd there she should show a profit on the day.



**LONDON VISITOR** Mrs. Bill Shepherd (right) lunches at Romano's with Mrs. Strath Playfair. Mrs. Shepherd and her husband are on a brief visit to Sydney, and will fly back to London on May 27 in time to see the Derby on May 30.



**JUBILEE DAY RECEPTION.** Mr. R. W. Askin, M.L.A., and Mrs. Askin talking with Mrs. L. Farrar (right) at the reception given by the Premier, Mr. McGirr, and Mrs. McGirr at Parliament House.



**COMAT'S PARTY.** Mr. and Mrs. S. Darusman, Indonesian Legation, at the reception to celebrate Independence Day given by Mr. J. J. Linton, Minister for Israel, at his Point Piper home.



**SMART RACEGOERS.** Well-wrapped against a biting wind, Mrs. Reg Betington (left) chats with Mrs. Alistair Stephen between races at the Jubilee Meeting at Randwick.



**PIONEER AIRMAN WEDS.** Captain and Mrs. P. G. Taylor leaving St. Mark's, Darling Point. The bride, formerly Joyce Kennington, is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Kennington, of Arncliffe. The wedding took place soon after Captain Taylor's return from his flight to Chile.

**CHANGES** of scene will be frequent in the next two years for newly married Dr. and Mrs. Peter Mark. The bride was formerly Berice Bowman, of Kingsford. After spending their honeymoon at Southport, Peter and Berice will live for a few months at Wollongong. Then, after a short stay in Sydney, they will leave early next year for England to visit Peter's parents in Surrey. They expect to be away about twelve months. When they return to Australia, Peter will look for a practice and they will settle down here.

**THE** temptation to take "just a look" at the foundations of their new home at Pymble is being resisted by Sheila and Colin Bowes. They are determined to wait until there is "something there to look at." Meantime, they are off to Brisbane for a holiday. While they are away schoolgirl daughter Jennifer will be in the care of her grandmother, Mrs. W. M. Nimmo, and little sister Jill will stay with Mrs. Joan Harvey Smith at Strathfield.

**RECENTLY** married Dr. and Mrs. Tom Smith, who honeymooned at Surfers' Paradise, are planning a trip to England. Tom is a former member of the British Army. The couple, who met when Tom was a resident at Maryborough Hospital in Queensland, and Ruth was nursing at the same hospital, were married at St. Martin's, Mullumbimby. Ruth is the only daughter of Dr. and Mrs. D. D. Gibson, of Mullumbimby.

**WORKING** at sewing-bees every Monday night, junior members of the Royal Empire Society made their own costumes for the spectacular pageant at the Empire Ball in the Town Hall. The girls took the parts of Britannia and Australia and their attendants. Combined efforts of Navy, Army, and Air Force and members of the Royal Empire Society went into the pageant, which represented the development of the Union Jack, the Australian flag, and the Australian coat of arms.

**ATTRACTIVE** Sydney girl Primrose Anderson Stuart and her mother, Mrs. B. Anderson Stuart, will remain in London until June, when they will make an unusual cruise round the west coast of Scotland to Iceland.

**TWO** city girls who will make their homes in the country next year are Prudence Thomas, of Wollstonecraft, and Mary Baker, of Rose Bay. Prudence, who is wearing a solitaire diamond ring, is engaged to Stuart Pearson, of Merrigal, Bundarra. Mary's engagement to Tony Sarks, of Gulgambone, was announced during Tony's recent visit to Sydney.

**BRIEFLY:** Enjoying sunshine again after two and a half years abroad, June Slett spent a fortnight in Sydney with her mother, Mrs. Stanley Slett, before they returned to their home in Taree. Mixing business with pleasure, June worked as a private nurse in London in between frequent trips to the Continent . . .

Anne





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great!



**2/6 TIN**

## LOVE ON THE ROCKS

"Come for a swim, Kay?"  
murmured like a harmless in-  
sultation. But Ted had other  
plans.

Plunging into the storm-  
ing surf, he came up sprout-  
ing water like an over-  
boiled bath heater, lunged  
into the curl of a breaker,  
scooped Kay up and dashed  
back into the surf.

"Isn't it beautiful?" he shouted  
as Kay eventually broke the  
surface. "Timber!" and he  
threw her under again. Fifteen  
minutes later, a bedraggled  
Kay marched furiously off the beach.

"What did I do wrong?"  
he quizzed his father.

"Midwest counts in every-  
thing, my boy," replied that  
sagacious man. "Light up a  
Black & White and you'll  
see what I mean. There's  
the finest vintage tobacco for  
you—but specially blended  
for those who enjoy a mild  
cigarette. Always still the  
troubled waters with a Black  
& White. You'll find hap-  
piness that way."



# Queen Mary... Continued from page 23

QUEEN MARY has  
tried to pass on  
her historical sense to  
her children and her  
grandchildren. Espe-  
cially she wanted them  
to know the dates in  
their history books.

"They are a great help,"  
she said to me more than  
once. "You can fit in and  
place innumerable pieces of  
knowledge if you are sound  
on dates."

An aid to memory that  
Queen Mary handed on to her  
grandchildren was a set of  
history games, played on the  
lines of "Happy Families,"  
with the Plantagenets, Tudors,  
Stuarts, and Hanoverians as  
the families.

Yellow with age, but still  
beautiful, these cards have  
amused and instructed Royal  
children for generations, and  
no doubt will go on doing so.

In 1901 the late King  
George V and Queen Mary,  
then Duke and Duchess of  
York, went to Australia to  
open the new Commonwealth  
Parliament.

At Tilbury Docks, down the  
river from London, the Orient  
liner Ophir, painted a dazzling  
white, was fitted out for its  
new duties to take the Royal  
Party to the other side of the  
world.

The leave-takings were  
tearful. In her cabin (the  
Duke insisted on her having  
for herself the nicest quarters  
in the ship) the Duchess  
arranged the children's por-  
traits.

"It is horrible," wrote the  
Duke, "saying good-bye to the  
sweet children."

At a luncheon party in the  
ship before it sailed he almost  
broke down while replying to  
a toast. "Very much affected  
and could hardly speak," he  
wrote. "The leave-taking was  
terrible. I went back with  
them to the yacht when I said  
good-bye and broke down  
quite."

"About five," the Duke  
wrote in his cabin, "we passed  
the Alberta quite close and  
cheered—a terrible moment.  
We felt terribly sad, leaving  
all our darlings."

The crew of the Ophir  
numbered 320, including the  
laundryman's wife, who was  
added to the ship's comple-  
ment because her husband  
said that only a woman could  
handle all the starching and  
goffering which women's  
finery demanded in those days.

The list of official person-  
ages aboard is too long to give  
here; it included secretaries,  
equerries, marine artists, chap-  
lains, ladies-in-waiting, and  
Government representatives.

Also aboard, and a great  
comfort to the future Queen  
Mary, was her brother, Prince  
Alexander of Teck, then an  
officer of the 7th Hussars.

As a young man he was  
always called by his third  
name, Frederick, and to  
Queen Mary, whom he visits  
often, he is still her beloved  
"Brother Fred."

It was March when the  
Ophir put to sea, and the  
weather was bad in the Bay  
of Biscay.

"Unfortunately," the Duch-  
ess wrote home, "I am a very



AFTER presenting Mr. William Mucklow, of West Dulwich, London, with a cup which he won for his garden, Queen Mary took a cup of tea with him in his pre-fabricated house. On the way to make the presentation the royal Daimler was hit by another car, but Queen Mary insisted on keeping her engagement.

bad sailor, and if not actually  
ill I have a constant head-  
ache—a great loss, as being at  
sea is one's only rest, and it  
is anything but rest to me."

The Duke and Duchess were  
making a new path in history  
all the way. They saw in the  
cities, lands, and peoples of  
Australia, New Zealand, and  
Canada, for the first time, what  
the British Empire really  
meant.

I have seen some of the pic-  
tures that were taken on that  
journey of banquets, recep-  
tions, and reviews of troops.

One I like best shows the  
young Duchess, picnicking in  
the Australian bush, sitting on  
an upturned kerosene tin, with  
the Duke perched uncomfort-  
ably on an upturned log.

Sydney undergraduates sang  
in their honor:

And when he at last appears,  
The welkin we shall rouse,  
By giving the Jook three  
cheers,

And three for his charming  
spouse;

And every undergrad  
With a throat to call his own  
Will not overlook the Dad  
Who is minding the kids at  
home.

Thoughts of the children at  
home were often in their  
minds. The Duke wrote to  
his mother.

"Darling May is of the  
greatest possible help to me  
and works very hard. I don't  
think I could have done all this  
without her. Everybody ad-  
mires her very much, which is  
very pleasing to me. I hope  
you are as proud of your  
daughter-in-law as I am of my  
wife."

"So glad to hear that the  
sweet children are well and  
flourishing and that you have  
had them with you at Sand-  
ringham."

And at last, after the months  
of absence they came home  
to their children, who stood

with King Edward VII and  
Queen Alexandra on the deck  
of the Royal yacht to welcome  
them.

Four days later, in their  
newly conferred dignity of  
Prince and Princess of Wales,  
they drove through London to  
receive the city's official wel-  
come.

It was in the eighteen-nin-  
eties, in the early years of her  
married life, that Queen Mary  
began to show the interest in  
the theatre and its people  
which has stayed with her all  
her life.

Thanks to her mother's  
appreciation of good acting,  
Princess May, even as a girl,  
was personally acquainted  
with the greatest players of  
the day.

Just before Princess May's  
wedding the Duchess went to  
see Pinero's "The Second  
Mrs. Tanqueray," which was  
then considered a "daring"  
play because the heroine was  
a woman who was not exactly  
married.

"My daughter will be able  
to see this play next month,"  
said the Duchess of Teck.

A little later she did; and  
many years after, when "The  
Second Mrs. Tanqueray" was  
revived by Miss Gladys  
Cooper, Queen Mary per-  
suaded her husband to see it,  
too.

Her patronage of a "prob-  
lem" play in the thirties,  
when the only imaginable  
problem was a triangle, had  
much the same effect as her  
going unexpectedly to see the  
more recent play, "Pick-Up  
Girls," which presented a  
much more startling problem  
in a far more outspoken way.

Prudishness is as foreign  
to Queen Mary's nature as  
any other sort of snobbery. If  
she was shocked by the play,  
she did not say so, but al-  
lowed it to be known that she  
had seen it.

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open your mouth  
And see what "Snack"  
will bring your "SWEET TOOTH"



"Snack"—the only  
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# Gary Hordern's Paris Notes.



● For outdoors, team tartan slacks, sweater, and fur-lined boots with a snug and exciting white sheepskin jacket.

● For tennis, white flannelette is practical and right with a graceful flared skirt and broad belt of leather and webbing.



● Knitted wool is allied, at left, with woollen cloth or velveteen and a matching cap. At right, starched, detachable cuffs, buttoned, pecked, and crossed, point up a simple dress.

● Tartans, whether in wool or taffeta, are teenagers' first favorites, especially in a style that is essentially young.





FOR the young these ideas are essentially practical for winter living. As well, they have the chic which every teenager demands as the right of an important young woman.

● Dior's Dresden china shepherdess ball-gown. Thickly embroidered velvet panniers cover a skirt made of layers of colored tulle including the softest shade of amethyst in contrast to the tangerine of the velvet.

● Velvet halter-necked bodice, above, can be worn with tulle or velvet skirts. The shawl, far left, is as useful over sweaters as it is over evening gowns.

● Balenciaga's embroidered apron is sumptuous and new over a flowing pastel taffeta underskirt.

● Jacques Fath's adaptation of a Texan style for square dancing has Western motifs. The frill on the back-laced bodice is held taut with elastic.

*Dorothea Johnston*



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## Dress Sense by Betty Keep

• If you have a dress problem I can help you with, write  
to me, addressing your letter to Mrs. Betty Keep, The Aus-  
tralian Women's Weekly, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

• The letter below is from a country-  
woman. The answer will also help many  
city readers with a similar problem.

"I WOULD be grateful if you could design me a  
winter topcoat suitable to wear over a suit or  
frocks. I want the style to be nice and warm, as the  
climate here is very cold. I would also like ideas for  
color and material."

The design I suggest for your winter coat  
is illustrated at right. The matching stole will  
add extra warmth and is, of course, an impor-  
tant winter fashion. The most popular coat  
materials are those with a "shaggy" surface,  
and a smooth, thick velvet cloth. This year  
coat colors are much brighter than for some  
seasons; ruby-red, persimmon, violet, burnt  
orange, and butterscotch are all new.

### Faggotting

"I WANT to trim a blouse with faggotting.  
Is this done with a herringbone-stitch?"

Yes; first mark on a piece of strong paper  
the width apart you require your finished  
work. Next, turn in the edges of material  
and tack on to the paper. Now herringbone  
from left to right, inserting the needle from  
the back of the material. You don't, of course,  
sew through the paper. Do not remove your  
work from the paper until it is finished.

### Figure-fault

"DO you know of any way to disguise a  
short, thick neck. I would be so grate-  
ful for any little hint you could give me?"

Certain designing tricks will help camouflage  
a figure-fault. The best illusory aid I know  
for slimming a thick neck is a V-cut neckline.  
If the garment is collared, the collar should  
always lie flat.

### Advance styles

"PLEASE will you help me with two styles  
for early spring. They are for my trou-  
seau. I have 7yds. of grey-and-pink plaid  
sheer and 5yds. of a tiny black-and-white  
check wool. The latter I intend for a going-  
away ensemble. I am good with clothes and  
make my own, but the trouble is I don't  
know what is to be worn next season."

A cut-away bolero worn over a tailored dress  
with a crisp white gilet is an incoming spring  
fashion and would be perfect for your black-  
and-white check. Keep the lines of the dress  
slim; any fullness in the skirt should be from  
the knee down and only slight. Have the  
sheer made with a sunburst-pleated skirt, the  
pleats continued into the bodice-top. Have the



WINTER  
COAT  
with  
matching stole.

neckline bateau shape finished with a double  
band of self material, the bands continued  
around the armholes. Another important spring  
fashion is the "ensemble-look" coat and dress.  
A coat in thunder-grey shantung would be very  
chic with your plaid sheer.

## Fashion FROCKS

Ready to wear or cut out  
ready to make.

"DORIS."—A smart skirt styled  
with inverted pleats. The materi-  
al is a fine wool obtainable in  
pearl-mist, London-tan, California-  
blue, and Barbary saxe-blue.

Ready to Wear: Sizes 24½, 26, 28,  
30, and 32in. waist, 62/5.

Cut Out Only: Sizes 24½, 26, 28,  
30, and 32in. waist, 48/9.

"SHIRLEY."—An attractive  
swing-skirt design in tartan wool.  
The tartans obtainable include  
Dress Stewart, Royal Stewart, Bu-  
chanan, and Princess Margaret.

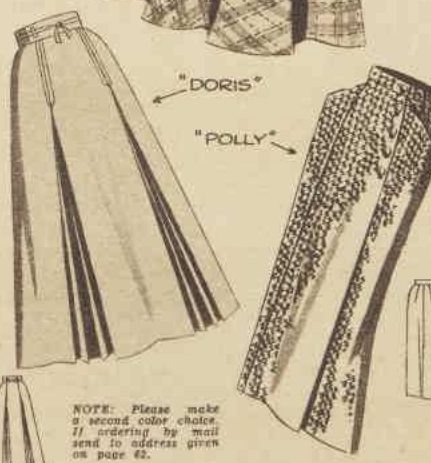
Ready to Wear: Sizes 24½, 26, 28,  
30, and 32in. waist, 108/-.

Cut Out Only: Sizes 24½, 26, 28,  
30, and 32in. waist, 82/-.

"POLLY."—A slim skirt, has hip  
pockets and buttoned side front.  
The material is houndstooth check  
in wool. Colors include brown and  
white and black and white.

Ready to Wear: Sizes 24½, 26, 28,  
30, and 32in. waist, 72/-.

Cut Out Only: Sizes 24½, 26, 28,  
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Q 93 WWW





These 'Viyella' pyjamas are delightful indeed—made in blue and white striped 'Viyella,' they are smartly trimmed with square patch pockets faced with plain blue to match the collar.



Plain and floral printed 'Viyella' are used to make this simple but attractive nightie, with the unusual frilled neckline. And, of course, 'Viyella' is so soft and light to wear.



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"Mireille"—O Legere Hirondelle  
(Gounod) LX1067
- Louis Kentner (Piano) with London  
Philharmonic Orchestra  
Concerto in A Major, K 414  
(Mozart) LX8489/91
- Helen Traubel (Soprano) with New York  
Philharmonic Orchestra  
Excerpts from "Tristan & Isolde"  
(Wagner) LX8512/31
- Pittsburgh Symphony Orchestra conducted  
by Fritz Reiner  
Symphony No. 6 (Shostakovich) LX8563/7
- Jussi Bjorling (Tenor)  
"Il Trovatore"—Di Quella Pira  
(Verdi)  
"Il Trovatore"—Ah, si, ben mio  
(Verdi) DA1701
- Elisabeth Schumann (Soprano)  
Das Madchen (Schubert)  
An Mein Clavier (Schubert) DA1864
- Michelangeli (Piano)  
Canzone e Danza (Mompou)  
Malaguena (Albeniz) DA5432
- Gladys Ripley (Contralto)  
He Shall Feed His Flock (Handel)  
He Was Despised and Rejected  
(Handel)  
(Both from "The Messiah") C3424
- Czech Philharmonic Orchestra conducted  
by Rafael Kubelik  
In der natur—Overture (Dvorak) C3628/9
- Joan Hammond and Redvers Llewellyn  
"Aida"—Heave'n My Father (Verdi) C3735
- Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra conducted  
by Bruno Walter  
Symphony No. 41 in C Major  
("Jupiter") (Mozart)  
La finta giardiniera—Overture  
(Mozart) DB4435/8
- Yehudi Menuhin and Liverpool Philharmonic  
Orchestra  
Concerto in D Major, K.218  
(Mozart) DB4950/52
- Szymon Goldberg (Violin)  
Sonata in D Major (Handel) PX01043/4
- Richard Tauber (Tenor)  
For Love Alone  
When Love Has Gone R020531
- Johnnie Hodges and His Orchestra  
Lost in Meditation  
A Blues Serenade R3178
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Overtime; Victory Ball B9818

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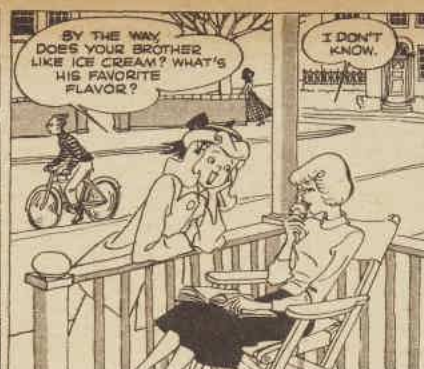
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**ARIES** (March 21-April 20): Tapping a wire on May 27, a message may crackle along the grapevine telegraph. You'll be in the know; if you're shrewd you won't broadcast the information. Act on it before the static sets in.

**TAURUS** (April 21-May 20): You may never do business in Wall Street, but, given the chance, you'd be successful. You have a prophetic sixth sense which warns you when to sign on the dotted line and when to steer clear. Listen to it on May 24.

**GEMINI** (May 21-June 21): You'll be among those present, never fear, and you'll clear a couple of hurdles, outwit your opponents, and retire with full honors, thanks to your patron, Mercury, on May 23.

**CANCER** (June 22-July 22): Of course, you put sentiment above practical considerations, yet, this week, it will be possible to combine both. Heart and head can work together to chalk up May 22 as a date wreathed with laurel.

**LEO** (July 23-August 22): The golden thread of romance may be weaving through the tapestry of your thoughts. What form and color the pattern takes, will depend upon the skill of the weaver, so on May 28 use every effort.

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## As I read the Stars

By **EVE HILLIARD**

**VIRGO** (August 23-September 23): Those shy, refined subjects who retain the Victorian idea that some day the world will seek them out and discover their sterling virtues should scrap it in favor of a megaphone on May 23. On that date the stars permit, and ordain, self-advertisement.

**LIBRA** (September 24-October 23): Your thoughts are likely to be tuning up like the engines of a plane. Once you get elevation, the view of possibilities will delight you. Fly straight to your destination and make a happy landing on May 24.

**SCORPIO** (October 24-November 22): Watch the starter, wait for the signal, but don't try to beat the gun. Conserve your strength for rough waters through which you may pass during the week, but May 27 should find you safely rounding the buoy. Then you should have smooth sailing.

**SAGITTARIUS** (November 23-December 20): "For he's—or she's—a jolly good fellow" seems to be the theme song of George and Betty Sagittarius this week. They'll be leaders of the crowd, cock-a-the-walk at work or at play, with May 25 something to crow about.

**CAPRICORN** (December 21-January 19): Get in and dig if you want a rich harvest. Ambition is your middle name, but nobody ever hands you anything you didn't earn. A bit of weeding and pruning of possibilities wouldn't hurt your prospects on May 26. You can't expect to win at everything.

**AQUARIUS** (January 20-February 19): You are likely to be on the merry-go-round with music playing and the crowd milling. With a limited amount of time and money to spend, choose your attractions carefully, both on May 22 and May 28.

**PISCES** (February 20-March 20): Sometimes it's fun to be alone and relax. A Piscean enjoys his own company when comfortable in his hair. You might find a new corner in a quiet little back-water and settle in contentedly on May 25.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatsoever for the statements contained in it.]

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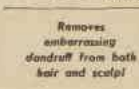
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## BLAYNE

closed his eyes for a second, but when he opened them the creature was still visible. This time he recognised it as a large dog, and reckoned immediately that it was the killer of Dixon's sheep. It was approaching him slowly, in an awkward, lurching fashion, and whimpering a little.

Blayne's fingers, which had tightened around a loose chunk of rock, relaxed. He recognised the animal as the Alsatian he had seen with Miss Sharpe's sister.

There was no threat about it. It limped on three legs. The fourth, held clear of the ground, ended in a reddened mess. Blayne stretched out his hand, and the Alsatian thrust its muzzle forward, nosed his palm, and slumped down beside him.

"What's wrong?" said Blayne.

The bushy tail flagged slightly, brushing the ground.

Blayne saw that the dog was thin and hungry. Here was no killer, or it would have been gorged and swollen. It had fine, sorrowful eyes, and the soft look of a dog brought up as a pet.

Blayne said: "I doubt you've some fancy name. I'll call you Gyp."

His fingers ran along the sensitive leg. The dog yelped, but made no attempt to snap at him. He held up what was left of the paw. It ended in a chewed stump, the pad and claw missing.

"We're both in a bad way, Gyp," Blayne nodded. He reckoned he knew what had happened. The dog had blundered into the toothed trap set by Dixon and bitten itself free. But it was no killer. Nay, more likely it played with children and slept on cushions.

That paw was best left alone. The dog's tongue would heal it quickest, that and the air.

Blayne was no sentimentalist. But the presence of the dog gave him a sort of comfort. It was something to talk to, something warm and friendly.

He groped for the oilskin, pulled out one sandwich from

## A Walk to Keswick

Continued from page 5

the package, and broke it in two. One half he nibbled himself, very slowly. The other he fed to the dog, in tiny pieces. It took them gently, swallowed them as if they were air, and watched him.

At intervals throughout the afternoon he shouted, and the dog howled with him. But no one answered.

Night brought a hint of coldness. The warmth of the dog pressing against him was welcome. He slid into an uneasy sleep. What roused him, in the washy dimness of dawn, was the growling of Gyp and the haring of sheep.

He opened his eyes, stared up at the sharp slopes of Esk Pike. Scuttling among that vagueness were two ewes. Behind them loped a sheepdog, and by its queer-shaped, square head he knew it to be Fleet, the best of Dixon's half dozen. In those moments he had the hope that Dixon himself must be around.

Something unusual in the dog's movement made Blayne's eyes narrow and glint. It raced up to the side of one of the sheep and clicked its fangs into the woolly shoulder. The sheep bled and veered. The dog rushed in again.

Blayne could see no more. Cloud and the scattered boulders hid everything else from view. But he had seen enough. The killer was Fleet.

Once in a rare while some of these sheepdogs took to it. Days passed before they were ever suspected. A trusted dog that had the run of the farm would go out before dawn, and kill, and come back long before the menfolk were up.

Gyp stopped growling and licked his paw. Blayne raised himself on one elbow. He was stiff and aching, and the broken leg had a hot savagery about it.

He wondered, after a while, if the Alsatian could find its way back. That led him to the idea of sending a message. He had a bit of

string in his pocket, and a pencil.

It took a deal of wrenching before he had torn a strip from his grey flannel shirt. He licked the lead, and with difficulty printed the words: "Broken leg Esk Hause. Joe Blayne. The strip he knotted tightly to the string, and tied it around the dog's neck.

He raised his voice in harsh command, and made a threatening gesture. "Go home! Do you hear me? Go away! Go home!"

The dog flinched, retreated a few yards, and sat and watched him.

"Go away! Go home!" He threw a stone at it.

Gyp whimpered, limped off a few more yards, stopped, and stared at him with sorrowful eyes.

"Go away!" Blayne tried for a long time before he admitted the uselessness of it. Then he laughed a trifle shakily.

"You're a fool. But you're faithful, like."

Gyp began to creep back towards him in fits and starts, halting nervously, his eyes beseeching. Ten minutes must have passed before he dared to nuzzle Blayne's hand.

Blayne smiled in an almost affectionate way, curved his arm over Gyp's back and patted his flanks. "Ay, you're a fool. But there's summat about you."

The day dragged on. Blayne thought of Keswick, the busy streets, the buses, of his friends having a cheery crack and raising their glasses in his favorite inn.

At dusk he shared the third and last sandwich with the dog. His broken leg still flared viciously at the least effort to crawl. And something in the air warned him that the weather was turning.

Premontion proved true. He woke up shivering. It was false dawn, light enough to show the shapes of boulders, dim enough to bare clear outline. The sheen on the rock was different, blanching crystal instead of dampness.

The warmth of Gyp was missing. The loss was a greater shock than he cared to admit. With relief he turned his head in the direction of soft scuffling, to see that Gyp had gone down to the water to drink. There was ice at its edges.

He murmured grimly: "You'll need all your warmth to keep yourself alive."

Gyp was walking back towards him, wolf-like in the dimness. Out of the corner of his left eye, Blayne caught a flicker of movement. Up there, on a steep tilt, perched the blurred figure of a man. He had a gun to his shoulder, taking aim. The barrel was pointing straight at the dog.

There was no time to yell. In blinding agony, Blayne lurched to his knees, flung himself forward, sprawled his body chest downwards across the dog. At the same time the rocks echoed and the flesh of his left forearm quivered under the bite of the bullet.

Dixon came rushing down, eyes horrified. Blayne looked up at him with a ghost of a smile.

"Dog's nae killer. I'll tell you later. Get me home," he murmured. Then he fainted.

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## ARRID





# The Mudlark



HER MAJESTY QUEEN VICTORIA, England's revered monarch, as portrayed by Irene Dunne (above) in "The Mudlark."

HEAD FOOTMAN NASEBY (Raymond Lovell) (right), belligerent guardian of his Queen's safety and comfort at Windsor Castle.

A SMALL boy's faith in Her Majesty Queen Victoria and how it affects the nation is the theme of 20th Century-Fox's production "The Mudlark."

The story begins when a Cockney waif named Wheeler (Andrew Ray) finds a plaque of Queen Victoria in Thames-side mud, is impressed with the gentleness of her face, and evading a series of sentries finds his way into Windsor Castle to see her for himself.

He is discovered and sent to the Tower on suspicion of being an associate of plotters. Both Prime Minister Disraeli (Alec Guinness) and Highland gillie John Brown (Finlay Currie) intercede with the Queen (Irene Dunne) on behalf of the boy.

In a stirring address in the House of Commons Mr. Disraeli ridicules the much-publicised idea that Wheeler is a plotter, the boy is released, and the Queen eventually decides to abandon seclusion for the affairs of her people.



FAMILY RETAINER John Brown (Finlay Currie) escorts the waif Wheeler (Andrew Ray) on a tour of Windsor Castle, unaware that Household Guards and servants believe the boy to be a menace, and are searching high and low for him.







**PRIME MINISTER DISRAELI** (Alec Guinness) (above, left) eloquently points out to the House of Commons the implications of Wheeler's action.

**THRONE OF EMPIRE** is filled by spellbound Wheeler (Andrew Ray) (above), at the invitation of Queen Victoria's confidant, Mr. Brown.



**COCKNEY WAIF** Wheeler (Andrew Ray) is a tattered, begrimed subject of Her Majesty, but the faith which inspires his escapade at Windsor Castle helps change the Royal attitude towards public appearance.

**COURT LOVERS** Emily Prior (Beatrice Campbell), Maid of Honor to Queen Victoria, and Lieut. McHatten (Anthony Steel), an impoverished Guards officer at the castle, plan to elope. The pair make several attempts to leave, but the officer is recalled when Wheeler disturbs the palace routine.



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Peppermint Cure."



**1 FRIENDLY** English boy Nick Morell (Robin Dowell), visiting Italy with his parents, is interested when his playmate Guido (Jeremy Spenser), left, an Italian peasant, says he loves music.



**2 VISITING** the Morells, Guido meets Nick's father, philosopher John Morell (Guy Rolfe), who plays records for him and, amazed by the boy's instinct for orchestration, gives him music lessons.

PRELUDE TO FAME...



**3 TALENTED** Guido plays for Mrs. Morell (Kathleen Ryan), right background, and guests Signor Bondini and his English wife (Kathleen Byron).

REALISING that adult interest is often discouraged when a child is the central character in a film, the makers of Two Cities' "Prelude to Fame" have balanced the story of a small boy's extraordinary musical talent against an account of the emotions such a talent can arouse in adults.

Kathleen Byron is cast as a selfish seeker of recognition who exploits genius for her own satisfaction. Guy Rolfe opposes her with the view that genius can be fully expressed only when the possessor of it is fully mature, and Rosalie Crutchley, as the boy's mother, is unable to understand either of these impersonal views and wishes only for her son's personal happiness.

Produced by Donald Wilson.



**4 ENTHRALLING** new world is opened to Guido when Signora Bondini takes him to concerts. She considers him a child genius.



**5 TUITION** from a famous conductor is arranged for Guido by Signora Bondini, who takes him to live with her. Wanting credit for his future success, she tries to adopt him. But his family object.



**6 SAILING** with Morell, whom he meets while on the way to lessons, Guido is happy for the first time in months. Signora Bondini is furious when she hears of jaunt and forbids Guido to see Morell again.



**7 CONCERT** debut, carefully planned by Signora Bondini, is triumph for Guido, but he is unhappy that he has not heard from his family. After the concert she tells him of plan for American tour and, frantic at news, he attempts suicide.



**8 CONCERNED** when he learns of suicide attempt, Morell proves to Guido that the signora intercepted letters from his family. Freed now from obligation, Guido goes home.



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CARY GRANT and his wife, Betsy Drake, at ease on the steps facing the patio of their home. They are now doing well for themselves on the air as the romantic domestic comedy team in "Mr. Blandings Builds His Dream House," which grew out of a movie in which Grant starred.

## Talking of Films

By M. J. McMAHON

### ★★★ Marius

It took a long time for the French film "Marius" to reach Australian audiences, but movie connoisseurs will find that the waiting was worth while.

A young Alexander Korda directed "Marius," which is the first self-contained leg of Marcel Pagnol's famous stage trilogy. The companion productions are "Fanny" and "Cesar," and these are to be released locally later in the year.

For "Marius" Pagnol goes to old Marseilles, where he reveals and illuminates the lives of a group of simple quayside inhabitants. To do this he uses an overlong series of humorous and poignant situations and scenes rather than a plot in the accepted sense.

Characterisations are rich, robust, and heart-warming. The late great comedian Raimu is in top form as Cesar, an exuberant, lovable bar-keeper, who also has a real sense of values.

His son Marius is the victim of two loves, and the struggle between the fascination of the sea and ties of affection for his childhood sweetheart Fanny (Orane Demazis) constitutes the main story thread.

Fanny proclaims her years in dated clothes and make-up, but it is fascinating to compare Pierre Fremay's youthful Marius with his mature and mellow reading of the title role in "Monsieur Vincent."

Torrents of words and explosive laughter underscore Cesar's friendship with sail-maker Panisse (Charpin) and beefy ferry-boat captain Escartefigue (Dullac), while a rough tenderness highlights his relationship with Fanny's mountainous mother, Honorine (Alida Rouff).

Each of these performers contributes a telling character sketch.

In Sydney—Savoy.

### ★ Convicted

AT the beginning of "Convicted" Glenn Ford is arrested for brawling in a night-club with a belligerent stranger.

He is subsequently sent up for 10 years' imprisonment when his adversary dies and the weight of family political influence is felt.

This is enough to make any decent young man bitter, but it is hard to work up much sympathy for Ford's Joe Huford, whom he characterises with sombre impassivity from start to finish.

On the other hand, Broderick Crawford plays an incorruptible district attorney with more than ordinary vigor.

In his official capacity Crawford has to prosecute Joe, but he sees the inequity of the situation and later on when he becomes prison warden goes out of his way to encourage and eventually secure parole for his oathless charge. He doesn't even blanch when a romance blossoms between daughter Dorothy Malone and Joe.

Action among prisoners within the institution is well carried out, and, though it sometimes requires a bit of swallowing, serves to lace the plot together. These threads inevitably involve a sadistic head warden (Carlton Benton Reid), a stool-pigeon who meets a sticky end (Frank Faylen), as well as a band of old-timers.

This particular clique is headed by Millard Mitchell, that doughty trouser who once again picks up a routine part and bounces it along as a special bit of characterisation.

In Sydney—Victory.

WHAT may be the most torrid love scenes in recent years are in the offing at M.G.M., where luscious Ava Gardner and Clark Gable are to star in "Lone Star." The costly outdoor extravaganza brings the couple together as potential enemies at the outset, only to unite them in the best Hollywood style at the conclusion.



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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — May 26, 1951





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# INTERESTING PEOPLE



MR. E. STEPHENS

... 28 years' experience

**MANAGER** of the Australian tennis team to play at Wimbledon this year is Mr. E. Stephens, of Sydney. An A Grade player himself, he has had 28 years' experience as an administrator of tennis clubs. Is an executive member of the N.S.W.L.T.A., chairman of the Davis Cup organising committee, and secretary of the Hardcourt Tennis Association. With the Wimbledon team he will tour Holland, France, and other European countries. Will have time to make up on his hobby of gardening when he returns.



MRS. ELLA GASKING

... entertained Australians

**APPOINTED** the first woman full-time member of the British Transport Hotels executive, Mrs. Ella Gasking, of Lincolnshire, is one of Britain's most successful business women. At 22 became managing director of her father's canning business, and built it into the largest canning concern in Britain. Was awarded the O.B.E. for her planning of tinned foods for desert troops during the war. With her husband, Dr. E. T. Gasking, she also entertained Australian servicemen at their Lincolnshire farm.



MR. K. LUKES

... social problems

**EX-C.R.T.S.** student Mr. Ken Lukes was recently appointed assistant almoner at Sydney Hospital, thus becoming Australia's first male hospital almoner. After Army discharge he gained Diploma of Social Studies and N.S.W. Institute of Almoners' certificate. Says the Institute is eager to train more men almoners for social work in hospitals. Mr. Lukes and his wife recently began a club under the auspices of the Y.W.C.A. for helping young people with social problems.

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## All Else Is Folly

Continued from page 4

THIS was the very worst of it, Susan knew. Louis could feel nothing for her—neither hate nor love. She leaned forward and caught Racey's arm. "I saw him, Racey. Last night."

He nodded slowly. "Yes. I've been waiting to hear this."

She told him briefly. It was not the same as telling Paul. He faced her quietly and without interruption allowed her to finish. In the end there remained only one question, and Racey voiced it immediately.

"And what you want to know is whether his not recognising you was a pretence?" He shook his head and his voice lacked his usual casualness. "That's something I can't decide."

The words dropped heavily, like stones into deep water. She said softly: "What shall I do? Racey, tell me what to do."

He drew closer to her. "Sue?"

"Yes?"

"Don't worry about it too much. It must work itself out in time."

She looked at him startled. "Time? But there is no time. There's only a week. That's not real time—that's only days and hours and minutes."

"Leave time to itself, Sue. These things have a way of looking after themselves."

"That's madness," she protested. "How can I stand by and not worry when this decision must be made. Am I to see Louis or not?"

He caught her shoulders then, holding her at arms' length. "What are you afraid of, Sue? Which of them do you fear most—Louis or Paul?"

"Why should I fear either of them?"

"But you are afraid. You've come to me because you're afraid."

"No..." She uttered only the single word, then stopped because there was no reason

to go on denying the truth of his statement. She said: "I am afraid. I'm afraid of Louis because of what he may do to me, and of Paul... because I may lose him."

His hands still on her shoulders, he shook her lightly. "Witch, your old age has turned you into a fool. Don't you know that fear drives out sanity. Keep your head, or you'll lose everything."

She swayed back, out of his clasp.

He watched her for a moment longer, and when she said nothing more, smiled lightly, and stood up.

"Hang on for a bit. I'll get some tea." He left the room, reappearing soon with tea-things on a tray.

## COMPLETE

silence fell while they drank the tea, neither making any attempt to touch the food on the tray. Susan at length broke the silence abruptly to ask, "Racey, what are you doing these days? Do you ever fly?"

Racey put down his cup quickly. "I've just been thinking about that," he said. "About something that might help you."

Susan replaced her cup also, waiting for him to go on.

"The point is, Sue, I've got a job as liaison officer between an aircraft factory and the various civil aviation lines who take their crates. It means regular trips to the Continent and so on—I got as far as South America once. The plane's kept down at Hythebourne because it's an easy hopping-off spot."

He stopped, and she said impatiently: "Where's this getting me, Racey?" She regretted the tone a second later, for a shade of annoyance ran over his face.

"I'm coming to that. The point is I'm making my next trip to-morrow night. It means going down to Hythe-

bourne first. Do you want to come?"

Put to her like that, the question was unanswerable. The shock of it was like a visible curtain between herself and Racey. To return to Hythebourne, even for a day, seemed unthinkable. But what of her child, Midge, growing up against the background of Hythebourne and the old man's ministrations?

To have the child brought up to London for an interview would defeat its own purpose. To come suddenly upon the situation, as Racey proposed, would be to strike the reality of it.

There was a careful wisdom in his suggestion, tossed at her so lightly, like a challenge he thought she lacked the courage to accept. To see Midge in her everyday state, to capture a swift, true knowledge of the child, was surely half the reason why this trip had been made.

Susan turned to him and said steadily: "Yes, I'd like to come. What time are you going?"

She looked for surprise or approval, but he gave none. "I'd like to start about eleven in the morning. Perhaps we could get lunch at a pub on the way down."

She nodded, experiencing once again the sensation that events were moving beyond her control; they pressed forward to a climax not of her own designing.

Leaving his flat at Carlton Mews Louis made his way through the wet streets swiftly. It had taken him a long time to reach this decision—hours when he hadn't slept last night, hours during the morning when he had paced the flat in a fever of self-questioning.

Please turn to page 50

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MUNDEN'S STORY: "I REMEMBERED LYING ON THE FLEECY COUCH IN THE JEWELLED CITY. THE GIRL GAVE ME A DRINK FROM A RUBY GOBLET. THEN ALL WENT BLACK. I AWOKED ON AN ICE FLOE— WITH THE SHOUTS OF MY PARTY SEARCHING FOR ME."



"ABOARD SHIP AGAIN, I TRIED TO TELL THEM OF THE JEWELLED CITY. THEY ALL LAUGHED. THEY THOUGHT I'D BECOME DELIRIOUS WHILE I WAS LOST IN THE ICE FIELD."



"I TRIED TO TELL OTHERS, THEY ALWAYS LAUGHED AT ME. WHO KNOWS? MAYBE I WAS DELIRIOUS! BUT I DON'T THINK SO! I KNOW I SAW THAT CITY OF JEWELS— BUT NO ONE WILL EVER BELIEVE ME," ADDS MUNDEN.



"THAT'S WHY I RIGGED UP THIS PHONY FLYING-HORSE SKELETON AND SAID TO FIND IT THERE— HOPEING MR. BLAINE WOULD BELIEVE IT AND FINANCE AN EXPEDITION BACK THERE— SO I COULD SEARCH FOR THE CITY."

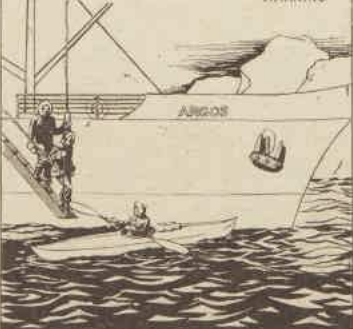


"I FORGIVE MUNDEN'S DECEPTION. THIS WARM LAND IN THE POLAR REGION SOUNDS INTERESTING. WHAT DO YOU THINK MANDRAKE? ASKS BLAINE. "MAYBE THE CITY OF JEWELS WAS A DREAM— MAYBE NOT," SAYS MANDRAKE. "I'D LOVE TO SEARCH FOR A DREAM!" LAUGHS NARDA.



"DREAM OR NOT, WE'LL GO!" CRIES BLAINE. AND SO IT IS DECIDED! THE TRIM "ARGOS" STEAMS UP AND OFF THEY GO, INTO UNIMAGINED ADVENTURES, AS THEY SEARCH FOR THE FABULOUS CITY OF JEWELS!

THE ARGOS NEARS THE POLAR REGION. THE PARTY PAUSES TO GREET A NATIVE. EXPLORER MUNDEN GIVING HIM FOOD. THE NATIVE UTTERS A WARNING—



"GO NO FARTHER, BEWARE THE POLAR BEAR PIRATE!" HE CRIES. THEY LAUGH, BIDDING HIM FAREWELL. "WHAT DOES HE MEAN?" ASKS MANDRAKE. "SOME JOKE, I GUESS," SMILES MUNDEN.



TO BE CONTINUED

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# SUDDENLY the All Else Is Folly

doubt and indecision had fled; Louis cursed the spent hours. He quickened his pace, and the wet, empty streets he traversed echoed with the sound of his steps. He had very little hope that he would find Susan in the hotel at that time, but he never slackened his pace.

A rush of warm air met him as he entered the foyer. He checked with the reception clerk, then slowly turned and selected a chair, settling to wait for her arrival.

Before very long, through the glass doors, he saw a taxi draw up outside, saw Susan leave it, and pay it off. He was already moving towards her as she came in.

She stopped short as she saw him, and for one second he thought she would fall.

He said with deliberate quietness: "Hello, Susan."

"Hello, Louis."

He was looking at her with eyes of recognition, and everything in her wanted to welcome him back from the dead. But she could say nothing. His face also was grave, but somewhere beneath the surface there glowed briefly a trace of a salute to her, a kind of gesture of renewed friendship which was much more than his mere greeting.

He touched her arm gently. "Let's go into the lounge. It's quieter there."

In the lounge, he found a small table and he seated himself opposite her. There was no haste in his manner as he ordered the drinks. While they waited, he silently gave her a cigarette and lit it. Suddenly, as he held the lighter before her, he smiled unexpectedly. It was like a new day, a new beginning, Susan thought impulsively.

During the pause when the drinks were placed on the

table and he paid for them, she kept her eyes away from him. These were the moments before the curtain went up, the moments of uncertainty and hesitation. He broke into them in a low voice.

"Well, Sue . . . here's to us."

"And the devil take the rest of them." It had been their old phrase, something to laugh at long ago, and it slipped off her tongue with forgotten ease.

She sipped at the drink slowly, cold now, and shaken by the betrayal of her tongue. There was danger for her in every word spoken here, a threat to her security in each resurrected memory. She began to long for the moment of release from him.

He allowed the silence to continue only a moment longer, then he asked gently, "Why didn't you tell me last night, Susan?"

She ran her tongue across her lips, gaining precious seconds. "How could I?" she said at last. "I thought . . . in the beginning I thought you knew me. After that it was too late."

"But why, Susan? Why?" A sharp recollection of the uncertainty and doubt of the past twenty-four hours came to her. Passionately, almost angrily, she defended herself. "How could I? It was an intolerable position. I did the best I could."

"The best? I don't think so. You should have told me. Did you lack the courage? After all, I'm used to shocks . . . people I've never seen before suddenly claiming me, patches in my life about which I can't remember a thing. Think of it, Susan. Only just think of it, and it becomes so simple to say 'I am your wife.'"

Continued from page 47

She held her head up and said: "Are you angry about this?"

"Angry? No, I'm not angry. I just want to know why you lied to me."

"I didn't lie to you. You didn't ask me about myself—my name . . . nothing."

"Don't quibble, Susan. You know you could have told me."

"Then listen to me."

Suddenly she began to be certain; freed from humiliating fear, no more anxiety. "Why wasn't I told? Why did you let me arrive in London without knowing what had happened to you? Which of us has the most need of courage? What were you afraid of in me?"

"No . . . no, not that." The tone was patient, disappointed. "When I was first aware of your existence it didn't matter whether you knew or not. You were nothing to me. What can a man feel about a wife he doesn't remember? Then . . . as time went by, it seemed not to matter in another way. I was indifferent; I never thought I'd see you again."

She was silent and she was waiting to hear the end of it. He saw the waiting in her face, in her hands.

"Then you wrote that you were coming. It was the one chance I had to make all the pieces fall back into place. Don't you see, Susan?"

She did see it then—saw it as clearly as he had meant her to. There was horror and tragedy in the picture she saw, the one of Louis smiling at her yesterday, smiling at her with eyes which didn't recognise anything about her.

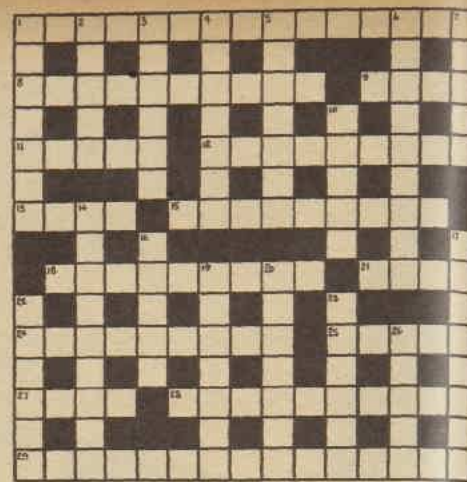
## THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

### ACROSS

- Let Ma whirl in woe (Anagr. 8, 2, 4).
- For a famous diarist it was the end of a perfect day (3, 2, 3).
- Color of unbleached linen (4).
- Parts of feet containing a fish (3).
- I lend him so that it cannot be blotted out (Anagr. 9).
- Classify English motion-picture producer (4).
- Bookie in case ran to an artificial language (9).
- Get meander for a covenant (Anagr. 8).
- I hurried to Paris (4).
- Such trials must be sour (4, 5).
- I'm Sam mixed in priests who officiate in a mosque (5).
- Gang exulted loudly and we back it (4).
- Dim, short street in a composer who can be a lean stip (10).
- It has a beneficial effect on certain clipped young ruminant mammals (3, 4, 2, 4).

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T W E R E M I T D E E D  
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O B R I E A T N  
S T U D E N T E N G R O S S  
T N E E N O R E  
M E N D E D T A G G E R

Solution to last week's crossword



Solution will be published next week.

### DOWN

- Come safely through atmospheric conditions (6).
- Dog mixed in the French small house (5).
- He blows trouble to bassoon (6).
- The black ones were negro slaves, the white ones and some blacks are in the piano (12).
- This lever contains a red tale (7).
- Cuban riot (Anagr. 9).
- Bring out forward, you and this French (5).
- It is not confused yet one hundred and fifty are confused in it (5).
- Carless in a Lanten gig (9).
- Greek letter at the end of some river (3).
- Ten after a broken sink and something where you can sink your pen (8).
- Mother's wise man for rubbing (7).
- Mostly a perfume yet just beginning to be (7).
- Mum's little bed is a just bringer where the planes take in Sydney (6).
- Give a gratuity to a part of your foot and go lightly and shyly (6).
- Little Albert he between his eyes, yet was elsewhere (5).

He looked at her again. "It didn't seem possible that I wouldn't recognise you. I counted on that. Now I realise I counted on it too much. That was a mistake. We might have avoided this if I'd been a little less sure."

"But perhaps it would have been worse to be prepared for each other." Slowly a flush mounted in her face. She stopped, and Louis knew that she would never finish what she had tried to say. He regretted it, but he could do nothing about it.

Susan picked up again, ignoring the pause. "I've just seen Racey."

He nodded. "I thought perhaps you would. He told you all about me?"

"We couldn't decide, Racey and I, whether he not you remembered me." She chose the words quite deliberately. "For myself, I couldn't believe it was merely a pretence."

He shook his head. "I'm not capable of such subtlety. Why would either of you imagine I had pretended?"

"I don't know. Why does anyone pretend?"

He said reflectively, almost as if he spoke to himself. "Fear is at the back of most pretence. Were you afraid of me?"

"No, not afraid—uncertain. You've changed, Louis."

"You also. You've changed a great deal."

She raised her eyes to him, her fingers dropping away from the stem of her glass. She started to mouth a word, but no sound came. At last she said: "How much do you remember?"

"All of it, I think."

Please turn to page 52



# Big Ripe Cherries and Roasted Almonds

blended with "EXTRA CREAM" Milk Chocolate . . .

## "CHERRY NUT"

CHOCOLATE BLOCK

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ARTIST Helen Baldwin used embroidery stitches in this picture of the departure of the 1951 Jubilee Sturt Expedition for the Murray River after it had been farewelled by friends in period dress. Below right: Another study shows a Balinese dancer.

## Artist paints with stitches

By DOROTHY GREEN

An unusual record of the Jubilee re-enactment of Sturt's 1830 expedition down the Murray River has been made in needlework by New South Wales artist Helen Baldwin (Mrs. Eric Skarratt).

**M**EAURING 27 inches by 14 inches, it shows the party being farewelled by friends in period costume at the gates of Government House, Sydney, their boat mounted on a drey.

The picture is worked in colored wools and silks in petit-point and gros-point, varieties of satin-stitch. Flesh tones and other fine detail are in petit-point, 400 stitches to the square inch, and the remainder in gros-point, 100 stitches to the square inch.

Similar to tapestry in effect, it will be included in an exhibition which Miss Baldwin hopes to hold in Sydney later this year. It took six weeks to complete.

Miss Baldwin classes her work as pictorial embroidery. She points out that tapestry is woven on a loom, the design being part of the process of making the cloth.

Her embroidery is more in the tradition of the historical Bayeux tapestry.

The result is as far from the ordinary conception of embroidery as could be imagined. From a few paces off, Helen Baldwin's embroidery has all the appearance and liveliness of water-color or oil-paintings. The sewing technique is also far removed from that of the famous Bayeux tapestry, the actual stitchery of which is somewhat crude.

"A newspaper photograph gave me the basic idea for the picture," said Miss Baldwin. "Then I had to sketch it out on a larger scale in water-colors, and rearrange it slightly to show the faces."

"They didn't come out clearly in the newspaper reproductions, so I had to use my imagination a bit. I prefer to work from living models if I can."

When Miss Baldwin had finished her sketch and worked out the color-scheme, her next job was to draw the picture in ink on em-

broidery canvas. "That's always the most monotonous part of the job," she said. "After that, it's a matter of 'painting with the needle.'"

After doing this type of needlework for about 10 years, Miss Baldwin has the appreciation of a small but expanding circle of art collectors here.

Some of her "pictures" will be shown shortly at Charleston, U.S.A. They are examples taken to America recently by art collector Dr. Richard Siau, husband of Norman Lindsay's daughter Helen.

Dr. Siau was enthusiastic about Miss Baldwin's work.

Critics say her figures are especially good. Expressions on faces and the reproduction of flesh tones have been described as unique in this type of embroidery.

Miss Baldwin, who taught herself her craft, was born in Blayney, N.S.W. Now in her early thirties, she says she's been drawing and painting for as long as she can remember.

After an art course at Sydney Technical College, she did commercial work for a while, wrote and illustrated children's books, then married architect Eric Skarratt.

Since then, at her home in Glenbrook, on the Blue Mountains, she has concentrated mainly on embroidery, because, she says,

"It's the kind of job you can pick up in odd minutes at home. I like to brood about oil-painting and water-color, and a housewife never seems to have any long stretches of time without being interrupted."

Helen Baldwin finds her time fully occupied running a home (she's a masterly cook), looking after a garden, and caring for her husband and five-year-old son John.

One of her most successful portraits is an amazing and delicate likeness of young John, in petit-point about 1000 stitches to the square inch.



HELEN BALDWIN (Mrs. E. N. Skarratt), who uses wools and silks instead of paints to create her embroidery pictures.





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AT ALL CHEMISTS

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- 1. THROAT:** A cold results from millions of infective germs multiplying in your throat. Larynoids kill their activity and prevent them spreading to the...
- 2. PHARYNX:** This area, when infected by disease-spreading germs, becomes acutely sensitive and sore. Larynoids' soothing influence prevents infection spreading to you—
- 3. LARYNX:** This is the seat of hoarseness, dryness, pain when swallowing. Unless relieved in time by Larynoids, infection may spread to you—
- 4. BRONCHIAL TUBES:** Here is the home of bronchitis and other such stubborn infections. Neglect to take Larynoids in time may affect your health.

## All Else Is Folly

Continued from page 50

SUSAN picked up her drink again and began to sip at it. Louis went on: "Racey used to tell me about you—some smart crack about him and me being your war effort. It didn't mean a thing to me. You don't know what it's like, Susan. I used to look at young Midge and wonder about you—how you talked, what you thought, what you did."

As Susan remained silent, he added, "After a long time I stopped wondering. I accepted you on faith. 'The eternal Susan' I used to call you. You only existed in space, not in time."

He drained his glass and set it down again, carefully.

"When I went home last night I couldn't stop thinking about you—it was a sort of tickle at the back of my mind. I started to drink. I drank too much. You and my wife were a bit mixed up. Somehow you got to be the same person. In the end I couldn't stand it any longer. I phoned the hotel, and asked for my wife. Unconsciously, I must have known, because I wasn't surprised when I heard your voice."

Susan said gently: "Why didn't you speak to me last night?"

"I wasn't in a fit condition to speak to anyone. The moment you said 'Hello' I knew I had been right. That was all I needed."

"Didn't you think of how I felt after the phone call? It was a shock."

"Just at that moment, frankly, I didn't care what you felt. I didn't want to see you again, or talk to you."

"Then why are you here?" "I was drunk last night. I felt differently this morning. After all, you didn't come to London for nothing. The sooner we get this over, the better for both of us."

She leaned back in her chair and looked away from him. He hadn't changed at all. This was the same old Louis, making up his mind coolly and impersonally about matters which concerned herself, remembering now their married life, regarding it as something to be finished with as soon as possible. Louis who never considered her feelings, Louis never afraid of decisions, never hesitating. She turned back to him.

"Yes," she said dully. "We must get it over. I'm leaving at the end of the week. There's a lot to do."

"There's not much to be done. The only question we've

to settle is what's to be done with Midge."

"Midge is our child—not a piece of luggage to be stored." Susan felt her body tightening with anger.

"You can hardly afford to talk like that, Susan. It was you who left her behind. Remember?"

She was silent for a moment, and then said evenly: "I want to spend some time with Midge. Racey is taking me down to Hythebourne tomorrow."

"There's no need to make the journey. Racey can bring her back to London."

"No," she said. "I'll see her there. Racey's making a trip to France, and I'll stay over-night with her."

He said reluctantly: "You'll find Midge shy. She's not used to the idea of having a mother. I think she's always imagined they were persons who belonged to other children, and she didn't particularly need one."

Susan's anger mounted until it was a bewildering, maddening pain. She rose to her feet, pushing the chair jerkily across the carpet.

"Tell me one thing straight, Louis. Do you intend to let me take Midge back to America with me?"

LOUIS stood up slowly. "That will be something for you to decide, Susan. Go down to Hythebourne and see her there. If you can persuade yourself that she'll be happier with you in New York, then you can take her. I'll get in touch with you here when you're back from Hythebourne."

"Yes, do." She made to turn away, then hesitated because some feeling of urgency, some need to communicate with him was holding her. Their gaze met, and she guessed that he, too, had caught a shade of her emotion.

The silence grew, until he broke it abruptly. "Susan, if you need me you'll phone, won't you? I'm still in Carlton Mews."

She nodded. "I'm leaving fairly early in the morning. Perhaps I could phone you then. Midge would like to have a message from you."

Please turn to page 53

All characters in the serials and short stories which appear in *The Australian Women's Weekly* are fictitious, and have no reference to any living person.

## What do you Famous sayings know about...

Do you know the names of the people who made these famous statements? Answers on page 55.

- 1—"We shall fight on beaches... on the hills, in the fields and the streets."
- 2—"Not Angles but angels."
- 3—"The crimson thread of kinship runs through us all."
- 4—"Prevention is better than cure."
- 5—"Men marry because they are tired, women because they are curious. Both are disappointed."
- 6—"Include me out."
- 7—"You can fool some of the people all of the time, and all of the people some of the time, but you cannot fool all of the people all of the time."
- 8—"Now I just fade away, an old soldier who tried to do his duty."
- 9—"Come up and see me sometime."
- 10—"And therefore never send to know for whom the bell tolls. It tolls for thee."

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Effective in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills at any chemist or store right away.

# UNEXPECTEDLY, All Else Is Folly

Continued from page 52

Louis hesitated, then he said, almost reluctantly, "Yes... well, I'm usually at early service at the Abbey until about nine. Any time after then."

"At the Abbey?" Susan stared at him in surprise. "I didn't know you..."

"I don't spend all my time drinking, you know. Good-bye, Susan." She felt he had regretted his words, wished her to forget about them. But she carried them with her as she left him.

Upstairs, Paul was waiting for her. It was like returning to a familiar country to feel his arms about her.

He led her to a chair and poured a drink for her, but he remained standing, sipping his own, until she had finished telling him about her encounter with Louis. She was glad when it was finished; she leaned back in her chair and closed her eyes briefly. The interview with Louis no longer seemed important. Paul was important now.

He was near her and she wanted to feel his arms about her once more. Without opening her eyes she knew that he had drawn nearer, and soon his lips were brushing her face. It was easy to forget about Louis this way.

Just what impulse decided her to go to the early service next morning Susan could not explain, even to herself. Yet from the moment she woke—waking before the dawn strangely restless and troubled—she somehow knew that she intended to do it.

It was dim and chill with the coldness of stone when she came into the Abbey. About twenty people were kneeling before the first altar and after a while she saw Louis a few feet in front of her.

She gazed for a long time at the line of his shoulders, his bowed head. When the service was almost over he glanced sideways and saw her. He gave her only a faint smile and then turned back towards the altar, but Susan was reassured.

He came towards her immediately at the end of the service. They did not speak, but he took her arm and led her carefully across the shadowy floor, and outside.

"I didn't expect you," he said.

She answered gravely: "I didn't expect to find myself there. It's not usually my kind of place."

They turned out across Parliament Square towards Whitehall in silence, and as they walked Susan began to wonder about him.

Where, in all the danger-

crowded days and nights, in the extreme craving for pleasure, had Louis kept hidden the part of him which could kneel so humbly before an altar, to whom quietness and peace were beautiful.

For Louis and Racey both there had been no god but that of power and speed, no knowledge of fear or darkness, death, but no immortality.

They didn't break the silence all the way up Whitehall and crossing Trafalgar Square. At the entrance to Carlton Mews Louis didn't even pause until Susan pulled at his arm, forcing him to stop. "Louis, I can't come in here."

"Why not? I wanted you to see it. I haven't changed it at all."

She said passionately: "What makes you suppose I want to see it? I've finished with all this, Louis. It's not my life any more."

"In that case," he said coldly, "it couldn't matter less to you whether you come or not."

He still held her arm, but it was now a tight grip from which she couldn't break free. She waited, thinking what to do, and then suddenly he was smiling at her.

"You mustn't mind me getting excited over this, Susan. Sunday's the one morning I can have both bacon and egg for breakfast, and I rather wanted you to share it."

ONCE inside, Susan automatically followed Louis to the kitchen. They had always eaten breakfast here, and she began to lay the table with an alacrity which dismayed her when she became aware of it.

Things had changed, of course—new shelves, new paint, different china—but the routine itself was unchanging. She made the toast and coffee as she had always done, while he turned smoking bacon in the pan.

The talk during breakfast wasn't of the matters which concerned them both at that moment. While Louis stacked the dishes in the sink, Susan wandered into the living-room. Here nothing had been changed. This might have been as much her room now as then. She sank slowly into one of the chairs and looked about her, aware that her knees trembled, and her wrists were weak with a strange kind of fear.

She had a terrifying sensation that time had turned back upon her—one of those moments which seemed to have been lived through be-

fore. She pressed her hands together to still their trembling, and saw how each ornament had kept the place she had given it, her books were undisturbed upon the shelves.

The silence was very strong in this room—a waiting silence. What was it waiting for? She felt betrayed by it; here, her doubt rose to the surface, more clamorous than ever before. Demoralised, she rose and turned to go, but Louis stood in the doorway.

"It's always been like this, hasn't it?" he said.

She didn't reply, but sank down again upon the seat. He walked past her, towards the bookshelves.

"I used to wonder about you," he continued. "The books told me practically nothing—they're such a mixed lot. You liked ballet, that was all I could be sure of." He ran his hand along the books, but never looked once in her direction.

"It was a long time after the accident before I came back here," he went on. "Perhaps I was afraid of it. I knew nothing of you—Racey had tried to tell me, but the real you, the person you are now, never came out of his description. Yes, I think I was afraid. I was afraid of what I might find out about my wife. I put it off as long as possible, but in the end I had to come."

"I looked at everything I imagined was yours. There were your books, your pictures, even some clothes you'd left behind. I knew what was my own because I could remember it being at Hythebourne. All the rest was yours, and I tried to build up a woman out of that."

"What sort of woman did you find? What did you make out of a pile of possessions?"

He turned around slowly and said gravely: "I liked what I saw. I wanted her to come back, so that I could see for myself."

She watched his face grow suddenly strained and anxious. "After that I questioned myself. I tried desperately to remember what it was that could have gone wrong between this woman and myself. What had I done... what had she done?"

He paused and then said clearly: "Susan, why did you go away?"

A sick distaste for herself swept through her; there was no longer a clear answer to his question. Spiritlessly she turned and walked from the room.

In the hall she took up her coat and handbag. Louis had not stirred. She let herself out into the mews, and the click of the door behind her was final and lasting.

To be continued

## Notice to Contributors

PLEASE type your manuscript or write clearly in ink, using only one side of the paper.

Short stories should be from 200 to 600 words; articles up to 1500 words. Enclose stamps to cover return postage of manuscript in case of rejection.

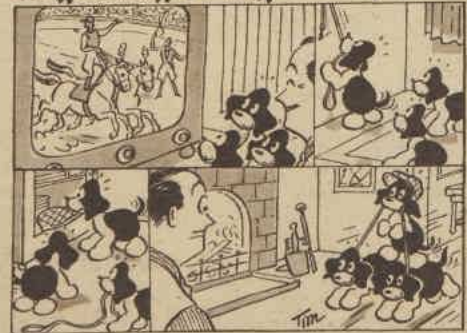
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they stay brighter longer...



## FOR THE CHILDREN

### Wuff, Smuff & Tuff by TIM





# new Taste Thrills

## WITH Aunt Mary's CREAM OF TARTAR BAKING POWDER

### - the Quick Mix way

It's easy to make delicious cakes just like these from the simple, tested recipes shown on this page. You'll love their genuine home-made flavour, with no disagreeable after-taste. You see, Aunt Mary's Cream of Tartar Baking Powder contains the original rising ingredient: Nature's own, made from pure grapes.

Using Aunt Mary's Cream of Tartar Baking Powder (packed in air-tight containers for absolute freshness) and economically-priced plain flour, you can turn out cakes, scones and pastry with better colour, finer texture, extra lightness, longer keeping qualities and even rising. Get a can of Aunt Mary's Cream of Tartar Baking Powder from your grocer today and try these easy recipes. You just can't go wrong!

### CHOCOLATE *Angel Cake*

4 ozs. shortening or butter  
5 ozs. sugar  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  cup milk  
8 ozs. plain flour  
3 level teasp. cornflour

4 level teasp. Aunt Mary's Baking Powder  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  teasp. salt  
1 teasp. vanilla essence  
3 egg whites

Soften the shortening, or butter, beat in the sugar and cream well. Add the milk and vanilla gradually. Stir in the sifted flour, Aunt Mary's Baking Powder and salt. Lastly, fold in the stiffly beaten egg whites. Mix in lightly and evenly. Place the mixture in two well-greased 7" sandwich tins. Bake in a moderate oven for 30 minutes. When cold, join together and cover with chocolate fudge.

#### CHOCOLATE FUDGE

3 egg yolks  
12 ozs. icing sugar  
1 teasp. golden syrup

2 level tablesp. cocoa  
3 ozs. butter  
2 level teasp. Aunt Mary's Baking Powder

Cream the butter with the sifted icing sugar and cocoa. Stir in the egg yolks, golden syrup and Aunt Mary's Baking Powder. Continue heating till fluffy.



Actual colour photograph

**ECONOMY IDEAS:** A pinch of Aunt Mary's Cream of Tartar Baking Powder makes lighter and fluffier and improves the taste of (1) scrambled eggs, (2) mashed potatoes.



Actual colour photograph

### THE NEW *Green Sundae* CAKE

$\frac{1}{2}$  cups castor sugar  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  cups plain flour  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  cup boiling water  
3 ozs. melted butter  
2 cup milk

5 level teasp. Aunt Mary's Baking Powder  
3 level tablesp. cocoa  
2 small eggs  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  teasp. salt  
4 ozs. block dark chocolate

Place the sifted flour, Aunt Mary's Baking Powder, sugar, cocoa and salt in a basin. Stir in the melted butter, boiling water and beaten eggs. Beat until smooth. Place the mixture in two well-greased 7" sandwich tins. Bake in a moderate oven from 25 to 30 minutes. When cold, spread with green mint frosting between layers and on top and sides of cake. Decorate top with little "rivers" of melted cooled chocolate.

#### GREEN MINT FROSTING

12 ozs. crystal sugar  
2 egg whites  
4 tablesp. water

3 level teasp. Aunt Mary's Baking Powder  
1 teasp. peppermint essence  
Green colouring

Place sugar, water and egg whites in a basin and beat over rapidly boiling water until white and thick. Remove from the water, add the Aunt Mary's Baking Powder, essence and beat well. Colour with green vegetable colouring.



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The Deodorant you can trust

## Call Off The Wedding

HELPLESSLY, Nancy looked around the terrace. "How are we going to do it?" she asked. Somehow approximately a truckful of dirt had to be moved from the fifteenth to the fourteenth floor.

Bill had a bucket, and Nancy had one, but when he came to figure it out, Bill estimated it would require at least fifty or seventy-five trips up and down the stairs.

He excused himself and went around the corner to the nearest hardware store and bought a hundred feet of clothesline. He stationed Nancy on her terrace. Then he began the laborious process of lowering his farm to her, a bucketful at a time.

When it was finished, they were both hot and tired. A shower and a change of clothes, and Bill felt better. Dinner around the corner and everything was perfect.

Later they walked home through the park and Nancy said it was such a beautiful night it was a shame to go in, but she was tired. Unlocking her door she turned to say good night.

And that was when Bill kissed her. He hadn't planned it to happen. He hadn't meant it to happen ever; though he might have wanted it to. The only comparison Bill could make with that moment was when the bullet had hit him during the war years earlier. Only instead of a hospital bed he found himself standing afterward in the empty vestibule staring at the closed door of 14-C.

Nancy had drawn away, and they'd looked at each other in amazed silence. Bill hadn't

Continued from page 10

apologised. Neither had she. She hadn't said a word.

Bill slowly climbed the stairs to his apartment. His head was whirling and he brewed a pot of black coffee

### QUIZ ANSWERS

Answers to Famous Sayings Quiz on page 52:—1. Winston Churchill in the early days of the Battle of Britain. 2. Pope Gregory I, when he noticed the beauty of some English slaves in the market-place at Rome. 3. Australian statesman Henry Parkes in a speech during the National Convention in 1891, which formulated the Australian Constitution. 4. Charles Dickens in his novel "Martin Chuzzlewit." 5. Oscar Wilde in his play "A Woman of No Importance." 6. Hollywood film-producer Samuel Goldwyn, famed for his misuse of words. 7. Abraham Lincoln in a speech in 1856 at Bloomington, Illinois. 8. General Douglas MacArthur when he addressed Congress on his recent return to America. 9. Film star Mae West. 10. Seventeenth-century English poet John Donne in his prose work, "Devotions Upon Emergent Occasions."

and drank a cup quickly. He almost scalded himself. He sipped the second cup.

"You dog," he said out loud. "Where's your sense of responsibility? Where are your morals? Where are your brains?"

When Bill went to bed five cups of coffee later, his head

was still whirling. By three, when he went to sleep, it wasn't much better.

But in the morning it was clear enough. Painfully clear. He telephoned Nancy from his office to tell her that their garden project might have to be postponed temporarily.

"I was just going to call you to tell you that I wouldn't be able to make it for a few days either," Nancy's voice was as cool, as controlled as his.

"Supposing I give you a ring the first chance," he suggested.

"That will be fine," she answered. Bill stared at the phone after he'd hung up. He'd done what was only right. What was decent. He got up and paced the floor nervously. In six more weeks Lilly would become Mrs. Bill Miller.

He saw Nancy only once from Monday through to Wednesday, and that was early one morning when she was watering her garden. He watched her through the venetian blinds. She was wearing the yellow pyjamas and the housecoat. It was the way he'd first seen her, and it was like seeing an old friend again.

He worked all day and part of each night. He drove himself. In that way he didn't have time for anything else.

Then, on Thursday, the telegram came from Lilly. He called Nancy and read it to her.

"Picture cancelled. Arriving to-morrow. Universal Airlines Flight Three. Meet me." There was a slight pause on the end of the line, then Nancy's cool, unconcerned voice asked, "I suppose you'll want to move the lawn down to-night, won't you?"

"It's the last chance," Bill said.

It was all right with Nancy, and that evening, at seven o'clock sharp, Bill pressed the bell of 14-C. There was a delay, then Nancy stood in the doorway. A polite, reserved sort of Nancy. A strange-appearing Nancy in slacks and white blouse.

"We'd better get right to work." She was very business-like.

They didn't talk much. Bill lowered the lawn to her in the buckets, one square of sod at a time. Then he joined her on her terrace and put it together again and stamped it down.

Last of all, he brought Albert down in his terrarium.

"Thanks a lot for adopting my flora and fauna," he said.

"That's perfectly all right." Nancy opened the door for him to leave. Her voice had a strange edge to it. "I hope your fiancée likes your apartment now."

Bill stepped into the vestibule. "I'm bringing her over from the plane, so she can see how it is in its denuded state."

"That'll be nice." They looked at each other in silence, then Bill said, "Thanks again."

"You're welcome." Her voice was an octave or two higher, suddenly impatient. "And good-bye."

"Good-bye," Bill answered.

"I—" He stared at the closed door. Nancy had slammed it in his face. Neither had Nancy been smiling when she'd said good-bye.

Please turn to page 63

## TO THOSE

WHO TAKE ORDINARY ASPIRIN

Of all the things the chemist sells, nothing has given so much comfort, and so often, to so many people as aspirin. And yet, useful as it has been, ordinary aspirin has two imperfections: it is acid, and it is almost insoluble. In Disprin, the product of an extensive research, both these defects are corrected.



Ordinary aspirin is acid (acetylsalicylic acid) and almost insoluble in water. Ordinary aspirin enters the stomach in the form of undissolved acid particles, which in susceptible cases may produce gastric irritation resulting in heartburn and dyspepsia. Disprin, on the other hand, forms a substantially neutral, palatable solution. Because it is non-acid, it does not irritate the stomach lining. Because it dissolves completely, it is more rapidly absorbed and is therefore quick to give relief. Your doctor knows how important this is for your comfort and health.

**DISPRIN**  
TO RELIEVE PAIN

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FREELY SOLUBLE  
RAPID IN RELIEF  
NON-IRRITANT  
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**Betty King**

Noted Home Economist for World Brands Pty. Ltd.

Tells you how to make  
this amazingly easy

# Ballerina Cake



## Chocolate Ice Cream Dip

(New, easy Copha way to "dress-up" ice-cream)

Kiddies love it — you'll love it too. A "made-in-minutes" recipe for your own chocolate coating for ice-cream.

**Ingredients:** 4 ozs. Copha, melted but not hot, 2½ ozs. icing sugar (5 level tablespoons) 1½ ozs. good quality cocoa (3 level tablespoons).

Sift icing sugar and cocoa until quite free from lumps. This is important. Add melted Copha very slowly, beating in well. Push stick or spoon into ice-cream squares — dip quickly — the coating will set at once.

**Note:** The mixture should be just warm enough for easy coating. If covering a large quantity of ice cream, stand bowl of coating over warm water to prevent it setting.



## Chocolate Crackles

(No cooking to make this famous recipe!)

Rice Bubbles are back! Once again you can make this crunchy, tasty Copha "Cookless" Special quickly, easily!

Combine in a bowl: 4 cups Kellogg's Rice Bubbles\* 3 tablespoons cocoa, 1 cup coconut, ¼ lb. icing sugar. Add ¼ lb. Copha (melted), mix well, spoon into paper cake containers and leave to set.

\* (If Rice Bubbles are not available Kellogg's Corn Flakes can be substituted with equally tasty results).

**COPHA** for all  
shortening purposes

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# Round-the-clock Sandwiches

● Here are some bright ideas for delicious sandwiches for every occasion. But no sandwich is any better than the bread used as a foundation. Vary it as often as possible—there are so many types to choose from. White, wholemeal, brown, rye, poppy seed, milk loaf, and starch-reduced are just a few of the popular varieties.

ALL fillings should be soft enough to spread but firm enough to hold their shape and not ooze out of the sandwich.

If filling is soft and creamy it is only necessary to butter one side of the sandwich.

Spreading is easier if butter is first softened by heating over warm water or by beating in a little warmed milk.

The following fillings are recommended for the homemaker who is looking for something to vary the sandwich routine:—

## SAVORY AND SWEET FILLINGS

- Minced corned beef, home cooked or bought, moistened with white sauce or mayonnaise and flavored with mustard (or grated onion) and chopped parsley.
- Cheese, thinly sliced or grated, with chutney or grated onion or finely diced celery.
- Cucumber, thinly sliced, with salmon.
- Thinly sliced beetroot with finely chopped shallot or water-thin slices of white onion.
- Any creamed food, for example, prawns, brains, fish (fresh or salted), rabbit, tongue, lamb, chicken. Flavor creamed fish or prawns with lemon juice; others may be flavored with chopped parsley and grated onion. It is important to use only sufficient sauce to bind the ingredients together.
- Any fish or meat paste with shredded lettuce, cress, or finely chopped celery.

● Thinly sliced cucumber with sardines mashed with lemon juice.

● Thinly sliced tomato with chopped chives.

● Cheese and minced stuffed olives.

● Minced tongue and gherkin moistened with mayonnaise.

● Finely chopped glazed apricots mixed with chopped walnuts; a thin spread of cream cheese makes a delicious flavor combination.

● Chopped dates simmered to a pulp with a little water and lemon juice, then cooled. Spread this on both slices of bread and fill centre with mashed banana.

● Chopped dates mixed with finely chopped preserved ginger.

● Finely chopped dried apricots (soaked to soften) mixed with coconut and moistened with orange juice.

## NOVEL WAYS OF PREPARING AND SERVING SANDWICHES

1. Barbecue Toasted Sandwiches: These are fun for young and old alike. Prepare plenty of sliced bread and stack on plates on the bottom shelf of a traymobile or whatever you use in the garden for the same purpose. On the top shelf place little basins or small coupe plates filled with softened butter and a variety of savory fillings. In each one place a small knife—fruit knives serve the purpose well. All guests then choose their own fillings, make their own sandwiches, and toast them in pairs!

Continued on page 58

## BY OUR FOOD AND COOKERY EXPERTS



THIS COUPLE seem quite happy toasting their own barbecue sandwiches. A variety of fillings arranged on a traymobile or convenient table makes it easy for guests to select their own filling, make the sandwiches, then do their own toasting.



## Breakfast

FRESHLY COOKED, and aerated piping hot with a garnish of tomato wedges, these French fried sandwiches are a superb winter breakfast dish. Savory or sweet sandwiches left from supper the night before may be used, but savory fillings are most popular for breakfast.



## Luncheon

SAVORY FILLINGS, moistened with mayonnaise or white sauce, are a good choice for double-decker luncheon sandwiches. The fillings used above are finely minced tongue and gherkin with mayonnaise and grated cheese mixed with grated onion and very finely diced celery.



## Supper

THESE NOVELTY SANDWICHES are very good to eat. They include open-faced sandwiches topped with creamed prawns, sardines and cucumber, chopped glazed apricots and walnuts with cream cheese around the edge. Devilled egg and gherkin fills the savory utes.





### It's practical

I've found banking at the 'Wales' the practical way to control my finances. My employer pays my salary into my account with the Bank of New South Wales and I pay all my bills by cheque. So I always have an exact record of my financial transactions and no longer need to carry more than 'pin money' in my handbag. And although my account is small, I know that if I have any financial problem, my bank manager is available to advise me.

You, too, should consult and use —

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### "Seals Fed at 4 p.m."



Every afternoon at 4, rain, sleet, or hail, Clarrie Martin appears with a bucket of fish for the Melbourne Aquarium seals and they follow him round like hungry pups. "Slippery customers, seals," says Clarrie, "quick as whippets in the water — but look out for the splash! Often I'm drenched through before they're satisfied. Of course, the kids looking on think that's wonderful. But I don't worry — I go off and down a cup of hot Bonox." You can trust Bonox to stave off the chills of winter and keep your head above the 'flu line. Drink it down to keep your resistance up. Bonox is good, pure beef-essence, strengthening, energizing and delicious. Eat and drink it for a 1-1-f-t!

## Eggless cake wins £5



EGGLESS CHOCOLATE CAKE, filled and decorated for a festive occasion with marshmallows and coconut, wins this week's prize.

First prize in this week's cookery contest is awarded to a delicious chocolate cake which does not require eggs.

THIS cake is a worthy prizewinner. Although it is eggless, it has an excellent flavor, even texture, and keeps well for days.

Consolation prizes go to Prawn and Cheese Whirls, which are tempting and appetizing for week-end meals. Wholesome Nutty Crunchies, sure to be top favorites with the children, are economical and easily made.

All spoon measurements are level.

### EGGLESS CHOCOLATE CAKE

Four ounces butter or other shortening, 4oz. sugar, vanilla essence, 2 tablespoons golden syrup, 10oz. flour, 4 tablespoons cocoa, 4 teaspoons baking powder, 1 teaspoon bicarbonate of soda, scant 1½ cups milk.

Cream shortening with sugar, vanilla, and syrup. Fold in sifted dry ingredients alternately with milk, making a soft dropping consistency. Grease and line bottoms of two 8in. sandwich-tins, fill mixture evenly into both. Bake in moderate oven (375deg. F. gas, 425deg. F. electric) 30 to 35 minutes. Cool on cake-cooler, fill with lemon filling, dust top with sifted icing sugar.

**Lemon Filling:** Place grated rind and juice of 1 lemon, 3 teaspoons cornflour blended with 3 tablespoons water, 4 tablespoons sugar, and 3 teaspoons butter in saucepan. Stir over gentle heat until boiling, simmer 3 minutes, allow to cool.

First Prize of £5 to Mrs. E. Logan - Bell, "Logan-Brae," Sorrento, Vic.

### PRAWN AND CHEESE WHIRLS

**Pastry:** One and a half cups self-raising flour, 3oz. shortening, 1 tablespoon finely grated cheese, small pinch cayenne, ¼ teaspoon salt, water or milk to mix.

**Filling:** One tablespoon butter, 2 tablespoons flour, ¼ teaspoon salt, ¼ teaspoon curry powder, 1 cup milk, 1 cup chopped prawns, 1 dessertspoon finely chopped parsley, 1 dessertspoon lemon juice.

Sift flour, salt, and cayenne, rub in shortening, add cheese.

Mix to a stiff dough with water or milk. Knead lightly on floured board, roll to oblong shape approximately 15in. by 8in. Prepare filling. Melt butter, add flour, stir until smooth, cook 2 to 3 minutes without browning. Add curry powder, salt, and milk. Stir while mixture boils and thickens. Fold in prawns, parsley, and lemon juice; allow to cool. Spread over pastry to within 1in. of edges. Roll up as for Swiss roll, starting to roll along the 15in. side. Chill in ice-chest or refrigerator. Using sharp knife, cut into ½in. slices. Place flat on greased tray, brush with milk, bake in hot oven (450deg. F. gas, 500deg. F. electric) 10 to 12 minutes. Serve garnished with lemon wedges and parsley.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. M. Duncombe, Vincent St., Ulladulla, South Coast, N.S.W.

### NUTTY CRUNCHIES

One and a half cups wholemeal self-raising flour, pinch salt, 1 teaspoon spice, 2oz. butter or other shortening, ½ cup sugar, 1½ cups cornflakes, ½ cup chopped peanuts or mixed nuts, 1 cup chopped dates or raisins, 1 egg, 3 tablespoons milk.

Cream shortening and sugar, add egg, beat well. Combine flour (unsifted), salt, spice, cornflakes, nuts and dates or raisins, fold half into creamed mixture. Add milk, then remaining dry ingredients. Place a dessertspoonful at a time on to greased biscuit-trays and bake in moderately hot oven (400deg. F. gas, 450deg. F. electric) 12 to 15 minutes. Cool on cake-cooler, store in airtight tins.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. A. S. Stirling, Blackwood Rd., Wynnum, Qld.

### Around the clock

**2. French Fried Sandwiches:** Usually served hot for breakfast or luncheon. Sandwiches are prepared ahead from day-old sandwich bread. A firm filling should be used, and a very thin spread of butter. Just before required, sandwiches are brushed on both sides with egg-yolk beaten with a little milk. They are then browned on both sides in a small quantity of butter or good shortening. Garnish with tomato and parsley, or, if filling is sweet, dust with cinnamon and sugar mixed together. Sandwiches left from supper the night before make a good breakfast dish if treated this way.

**3. Double-decker Sandwiches:** Made from three slices of bread and two layers of filling. Usually served as a main luncheon course. Two slices of bread are buttered on one side only (for top and bottom of sandwich), the middle slice is buttered on both sides. Fillings are usually savory, and the same filling may be used in both layers, or two different flavors may be used. Mayonnaise and salad mixtures are usually used to garnish. If filling is firm the sandwich may be toasted and served hot.

**4. Swedish Open-faced Sandwiches:** There are two

Continued from page 57

ways of preparing these. One method is to cut the bread ½in. thick and cut again into squares, circles, diamonds, or any shape desired. Bread may then be toasted, smeared with melted butter, and oven crisped, fried golden-brown in butter, or left plain. If left plain or toasted, the top surface should be spread lightly with butter before the filling is arranged on top.

The second method makes very attractive sandwiches. Bread is cut into rounds with a scone-cutter. An inner circle is cut from half the number of slices, using a smaller cutter. Complete circles are buttered and spread with filling, and the circles with the centres removed are placed on top. Extra filling may be placed in the centre if liked.

**5. Savory Cornucopias:** Fresh sandwich bread is cut into very thin slices, then trimmed to exact squares. Each square is then spread with butter and folded to form a cone shape. Fill with savory filling. If an egg or corn mixture (yellow in color) is used as a filling, the addition of a stamen cut from a gherkin converts these into savory lilies.

### POPULARITY FOR YOU!



A girl's popularity depends largely on her appearance and zest for life. A blotchy skin, poor complexion, and that "worn out" look rob her of good health and fun. These may be the symptoms of constipation which can be banished quickly and easily by taking Dr. Morse's Indian Root Pills on going to bed.

These gentle laxative pills are made from vegetable ingredients only, and are ideal for all the family. Dr. Morse's Pills act gently while you sleep undisturbed.

Save money, buy the larger bottle to-day and feel fit again to-morrow.

Safe—effective—economical

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NOW—YOUR SYSTEM CAN BE  
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—and you can get through the next winter without them. Build up and protect your system with Anti-Bi-San, the powerful natural substance that establishes immunity against colds and blood stream. No disturbing after-effects. One box of Anti-Bi-San provides a complete year's protection.

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COLD AND INFLUENZA PREVENTIVE TREATMENT

11/3 Adult, 9/- Child

★ The results are successful in a high percentage of cases. Anti-Bi-San is the only medicine which gives relief after seven days, normally provides immunity from infection for three months.

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# A Swift menu of marvellous meals



## Any Meal

**CASSEROLE STEAK**  
Swift planned this one for discerning eaters. . . A superb Casserole Steak — excellent on difficult occasions when cooking is an effort.



**STEAK AND KIDNEY PUDDING**  
Weekends or week days — Steak and kidney Pudding makes a marvellous meal. . . Swift prepared this dish to heat and serve at a moment's notice.



**LAMB AND PEAS**  
This Swift special contains all the goodness of lamb combined with green peas, and brings a "more please" with every meal.



**MEAT BALLS**  
Ideal for that "out of the ordinary dish." Everyone likes tasty meat balls with steaming hot gravy — they're so satisfying and savoury.



## Any Time

**BEEF AND VEGETABLES**  
A whole meal in one. Best quality beef and vegetables prepared in their most nourishing form to gratify each member of the family.

**BRAISED STEAK WITH ONIONS**  
Simplicity in serving is the theme of all Swift dishes, and this one is no exception. . . It has a touch of something different and delicious.



**IRISH STEW**  
The traditional flavour of this popular preparation can't be overlooked even by the most critical connoisseur in search of something exciting. . .



**CORNER BEEF WITH DICED POTATOES**  
Fried corner beef with diced potatoes make an attractive dish at any time. Definitely worth adding to your grocery list of Swift products.



GROCER SAM SAYS—

**Swift** FOOD PRODUCTS ARE ALWAYS GOOD







**TRIO OF LOVELY HANDKNITS** from The Australian Women's Weekly Knitting Book for 1951, now on sale at all newsagents and book-stalls, price 2/-.



"THE MOORINGS," the home of Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Ellison, has plenty of window space in front. Sloping lawns lead down to the water's edge, where a swimming-pool is to be built for their young children (above).



## Family's riverside home

For many years Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Ellison worked as a business team in order to acquire a pleasant family home.

WHEN the chance came to buy "The Moorings," an old house with a water frontage, at Northwood, N.S.W., they rushed it.

The house is roomy, and

although it is only 10 minutes' drive from the city, its location is serene and beautiful.

The almost overwhelming task of rejuvenation presented no problems to this energetic couple. They decorated much of the interior themselves.

A striking and colorful feature of the nursery and daughters' bedroom are the murals which Mrs. Ellison painted.

Not to be outdone artistically, Mr. Ellison built the grey plastic-covered bar which, with other photographs of the house, is shown on these pages.

The picture of the beach-house on the opposite page should interest all those whose homes are built on steep, rocky slopes.

A projecting frame was built around the rock face, false pockets of cement and stone were built into the rock, filled with soil, and then ferns of all descriptions were planted in these pockets and the rock fissures. The luxuriant ferns not only beautify the rock face, but absorb seepage.



TO FRAME THE BEDHEAD, Mrs. Ellison hung curtains on either side although only one side has a window. The curtains link with the bed-cover and give a balanced effect (above).

CORNER of the hallway was ingeniously turned into a phone-booth with comfortable built-in seat.

GLORIOUS RIVER VIEW which can be seen from the front windows of "The Moorings" is framed with huge palms and native Australian trees (left).



## Don't half-clean your teeth..Maclean your teeth for a double-bright smile!



Almost every day somebody writes to us about Macleans Peroxide Tooth Paste. New users tell us how QUICKLY it has made their teeth gleaming white. People who have used Macleans for years tell how their friends and dentists praise their healthy teeth. In Great Britain, where the large number of people with very white natural teeth always impresses travellers, surveys have PROVED that more people use Macleans than any other brand.

They prefer Macleans because it makes teeth WHITER, QUICKER. The pleasant and refreshing "tingle" you feel when you Maclean your teeth is a sign that Macleans is at work brushing away film and stains... making your teeth whiter... giving you extra protection. Macleans helps to stop tooth decay, because it neutralises excess mouth acids IMMEDIATELY.

# MACLEANS PEROXIDE TOOTH PASTE makes teeth WHITER

Buy the large tube at 1'9 today



### Read what users say in praise of Britain's biggest-selling tooth paste

"Dentists have told me that I possess the loveliest teeth they have ever seen," says Miss A. D. Crawford. "I started using Macleans 15 years ago."

Nurse B. M. McGee said... "every patient at some time during his stay... I am delighted to recommend Macleans to all my patients..."

"I have tried many tooth pastes," wrote Miss C. Cullingford, "but until I tried Macleans, my teeth remained stained. On using your tooth paste my teeth looked white the very first day."

What Macleans has done for others; Macleans can do for you. So don't half-clean your teeth—Maclean your teeth for a double-bright smile.

MTB:30P





**CLEVER IDEA.** A lattice frame projecting four feet from a rock face in the garden makes a picturesque bush-house. Lovely ferns thrive in pockets and fissures of the rock.



**"L" - SHAPED LOUNGE,** not often found in older homes, offers plenty of space for entertaining. Ballroom of the lounge was once verandah.



**STONE-FLAGGED PATIO:** Steps lead from the long, tree-lined walk to the white-painted house with its blue doors and shutters. Trees and the low level of the patio give privacy.



**MR. ELLISON** stands behind the cocktail bar in the lounge. All rooms were once covered with dark wallpaper. New, light colors of walls and woodwork have modernised the home.



**THE CHILDREN** are surrounded with color and gaiety. The warm, bright colors of their bedroom are in keeping with delightful story-book murals painted by Mrs. Ellison.

Did you  
**PROTEX**  
yourself  
this  
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PROTEX KEEPS ME  
FRESH ALWAYS!

—IT'S MY FAVOURITE  
DEODORANT  
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Stay as fresh as a breeze with Protex, the deodorant Complexion Soap with the clean bushland fragrance. Protex is medicated to guard against offending, and infection. Protex is the soap for all the family.



GEE, I LIKE THAT RICH READY LATHER,  
AND THE BEAUT BUSHLAND SMELL





loveliness

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*Peggy Sage* offers you

20 BEWITCHING COLOURS

The snow-white magic of Peggy Sage polish lends jewel-like lustre to your nails—a lustre that lasts. And this proud aristocrat of polishes comes in a dazzling array of subtly lovely colours—one to match your every mood & costume.

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Peggy Sage Hand Massage Cream  
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Others Enjoy ALLEN'S BUTTER MENTHOLS



and get better just as quickly

The Butter Soothes the Throat  
The Menthol Clears the Head!

F6404



# Fashion PATTERNS

## Pattern for beginners

F6404.—Hip-length sports jacket. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 14yds. 54in. material. Special price, 1/6.

F6402.—Smartly tailored skating dress with above-knee-length skirt. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 24yds. 54in. material. Price, 2/6.

F6422



F6419



F6424



F6423



F6425



F6419.—Small girl's long-sleeved winter nightgown. Sizes 25, 29, 31, and 33in. lengths for 1, 2, 3, and 4yrs. Requires 24yds. 36in. material, plus 24yds. lace edging. Price, 2/-.

F6425.—Classic suit, jacket has nipped-in waistline, skirt is slim. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3yds. 54in. material, plus 24yds. braid. Price, 2/9.

F6422.—Dressmaker suit with attractive detail. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3yds. 54in. material. Price, 2/9.

F6424.—Daytime dress has slim silhouette. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3yds. 54in. material. Price, 2/6.

F6423.—Softly styled one-piece. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 4yds. 54in. material. Price, 2/6.

SEND your orders for Fashion Patterns (note prices) to Pattern Department at the address given below for your city. Or patterns may be obtained from our offices at: Newspaper House, 247 Collins Street, Melbourne; 24-26 Halifax Street, Adelaide; The Examiner, 71-77 Paterson Street, Launceston; 81 Elizabeth Street, Brisbane; 168 Castlereagh Street, Sydney.

Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney.  
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Hmm!  
Salmon  
and  
Shrimp!

EVEN  
BLINDFOLD  
you can pick  
these delicious  
flavours!



KRAFT FISH  
PASTES—IN  
A WIDE VARIETY OF  
SEA FOOD FLAVOURS!

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PASTES—WITH  
THAT TASTIER FLAVOUR!

1. Chicken & Ham
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These same delicious Meat Pastes are also available in 1½ oz. tins under the famous Red Feather label. Kraft Fish Pastes also come in 1 oz. tins.

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## a great name in baby food

The name of Robinson's is so well-known that when it is necessary to choose a food for baby, the first thought of both mothers and nurses is — ROBINSON'S! For generations, the world over, ROBINSON'S has enjoyed a reputation for the best in baby foods!

# ROBINSON'S

## PATENT' BARLEY AND PATENT' GROATS

Quick way to relieve  
**SLUGGISH LIVER**  
restore  
**REGULAR HABITS!**

When constipation, tired feeling, indigestion make life a misery, or when your mirror shows your complexion slow and spongy — often "sluggish" liver is the cause.

Get the correction of this faulty liver action by taking Chamberlain's Tablets for a while. They help stimulate the flow of liver bile to the intestines, establish regularity and aid in restoring a rosy complexion and to clearing the skin. For this for yourself by taking Chamberlain's tonight — not habit-forming, no harsh — just pleasant, natural relief.

Sold everywhere — 2/3; family size 4/6  
**Chamberlain's**  
**TABLETS**  
A SURE, EFFECTIVE LAXATIVE

## Recipe to Darken Grey Hair

A Sydney Hairdresser Tells the Kennedy for Grey Hair. Mr. Len Jeffrey, of Waverley, has been a hairdresser for more than fifteen years, recently made the following statement: "Anyone can use this simple recipe at home that will turn grey hair and make it dark and glossy. Just go to your chemist and ask him for Grey Compound. He will mix it up for you according to the directions he has. Apply the Grey Compound to the hair for a week until the desired effect is obtained. This should turn a grey-haired person over 10 to 20 years younger at little cost. It does not colour the scalp, is not sticky, stays, and does not rub off."

# Call Off The Wedding

Continued from page 55

reasonable," Bill continued, "or selfish but—" "But you are," Lilly interrupted. "Am I?" She regarded him appraisingly. "You've changed," she said quietly. "I have?" "What happened while I was away, my pet?" "I walked straight into another thirty-calibre bullet," Bill said. She stared at him blankly. "I was hit over the head with a sledge hammer," he added. "Be sensible," Lilly said crossly. "I received a gentle kick

stood motionless until it was out of sight. Then he turned and walked swiftly inside. He took the lift to the fourteenth floor. He pressed Nancy's bell. It took a long time for her to answer, and then she opened the door only a crack. Bill pushed it all the way open firmly, and Nancy stepped back and flung up her arms across her face protectively. "If you're a gentleman you won't strike a lady!" she cried. "You're no lady," Bill took her in his arms and kissed her. Her lips were warm; yielding to his in a flood of relief. "I couldn't bear to see a good man pushed around," she murmured. "You're a scheming, conniving, cute one!" He kissed her car. "I shouldn't have done it, Bill," she whispered. "I don't know what got into me. I'm sorry."

"You are not." "I had John and the door-man and the superintendent helping, and we almost broke our backs lugging those darn shrubs up the stairs." She asked guiltily: "What did Lilly say?" "Just what you knew she would." Nancy smiled uncertainly. "It was what you'd say that had me worried."

Bill held her tight. "I was plowing a crooked furrow, but I've got it straightened out now." His trouble, he thought, was that he hadn't been able to see the woman for the glamor. Peel the glamor from Lilly and it didn't leave much. Nancy had been pretty at first; then she glowed; now she dazzled. But peel the dazzle from Nancy and it didn't make any appreciable difference. There still was plenty of the right kind of girl left.

She hugged him. "Oh, Bill, darling; I love you." He hugged her back. "Oh, Nancy, sweetheart; I love you." They smiled at each other; then Nancy pulled away. "I've got to tell someone!" she cried. "I've simply got to tell someone or I'll burst!" "We could go out on the terrace and shout it to the skyscrapers," Bill suggested. "No. I have a better idea." "What?" Nancy clasped her hands eagerly. "Let's go and tell Albert," she said.

(Copyright)

## No freedom for teen-agers

TEEN-AGE girls in Russia have much the same interests as teen-agers anywhere else, but the Kremlin frowns on their nonsense.

In his best-selling book, "If You Were Born In Russia," Arthur Goodfriend, who travelled through the Soviet Union, tells us something about the way these Soviet girls live. To begin with, they dance and flirt. But anyone making love in public—kissing or cuddling—can get into a pack of trouble. Even while dancing you don't hold your partner too tightly. You dance in public squares or in clubrooms. A.M. for May publishes a digest of Goodfriend's book. A.M. is on sale everywhere. Price 1/-.

where it would do me the most good."

"Though we never did have too much in common," Lilly said, passing over his remarks, "I thought that our differences could be surmounted satisfactorily."

"And?" "I don't think they can now."

"You might as well come in and talk this over," Bill suggested. She shook her head. "It's no use, darling. You'll never change; I can see that." There were little spots of anger in her cheeks as she drew on her gloves. "I'm going to my hotel now."

"I'll take you," she answered coolly. Bill put her in a taxi and



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## The Family Scrapbook

By DR. ERNEST G. OSBORNE

WHENEVER Mary asked her mother whether she could do something, the answer was either, "It's up to you" or "Anything you wish, dear."

Mrs. Stolper felt that she was being democratic in her family life, that she was not standing in the way of the development of independence and responsibility.

But Mary began to get the feeling that her mother didn't care what she did. Of course, she wanted to be able to do things on her own. But it was

important to feel that someone was interested, too.

Apparent lack of interest can be considered indifference, and indifference means that there is no love.

It certainly is possible to carry this business of independence and responsibility too far. The three-year-old who goes to bed, turns the light on and off, and does all the other things attendant on retiring all by herself is fine to show off.

But she probably needs companionship of parents and all that this means for some little time yet.

We all need a balanced diet. And this goes not only for



SHE'S independent, but needs affection, too.

food, but for other things. Independence, yes! Responsibility, surely! But also approval and affection, warm friendliness, and interest are essential parts of a child's or adult's emotional diet.

All names in this feature are fictitious.



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